McKean County Miner.

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State Library

PRETTY WEDDING SOLEMNIZED LAST TUESDAY

At 7:30 p. m. in St. Luke's Church By Rev. W. E. VanDyke.

ETHEL GIFFORD AND LEWIS MARKS

Joined in Wedlock Before Large Number of Guests—After Short Honeymoon Trip Will Reside in Smethport—Very Popular Young Couple.

On Tuesday evening at St. Luke's were united in marriage Mr. Lewis H. Marks of Bridgeton, N. J., and Miss Ethel, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Warley Gifford of this borough.

Mrs. W. E. VanDyke of Pittsburg presided at the organ. While the guests were being seated she played many suitable selections in a most pleasing manner. At 7:30 the strains of Lohengrin's wedding march pealed forth as the bride came up the isle leaning on her father's arm. She was attended by Mrs. A. W. Mitchell of Erie. At the chancel she was met by Mr. Marks with Mr. C. C. Choate as best man. The ushers were Mr. E. J. Waldie and Mr. Laverdine Morrison.

The beautiful Episcopal marriage service was read by Rev. W. E. VanDyke, vicar of St. Marys, Pittsburg. The bride wore a most becoming gown of white messaline and carried a shower of bride roses and sweet peas. The matron of honor wore a gown of yellow messaline and carried white roses.

The altar was most tastefully decorated with daisies, Queen Anne's lace, hydrangas and asters.

Immediately following the words which made them man and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Marks left the church to the strains of the wedding march from Mendelsohn.

The reception which followed at the home of the bride's parents was one of the pleasantest social events of the summer.

Mr. Marks is a young man of excellent habits who has been for several years a resident of Smethport, where he has made a host of friends.

Mrs. Marks is a deservedly popular young women who has always been active in the many branches of church work, has for several years taught most successfully in the primary grades of our public schools and who is always in demand socially.

The many friends of this charming young people unite in wishing them long life and a full measure of happiness together. After a short wedding journey they will make their future home in Smethport.

Among the guests from out of town, were: Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Fischer, Mt. Vernon, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Gifford, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Pomeroy, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Studholme, Miss Rose King of Port Allegany; Miss Mae Studholme, Hamilton, Ont., Canada; Mrs. A. W. Mitchell, Erie, Pa.; Mrs. E. T. Newman, Syracuse, N. Y., Miss Frances McCoy, Augusta, Ga.; Miss Grace Doyle of Buffalo, N. Y.; Mrs. W. F. Seger, New York City; Mr. and Mrs. W. E. VanDyke, Pittsburg, Pa.

ANOTHER MURDER.

Rossi Sirianni Shot Govanni Cocola Through Heart at Kane Sunday —Murderer Escaped After Tragedy

Another has been added to the list of murders in McKean county during the past few months. At Kane last Sunday morning at 2 o'clock Govanni Cocola an Italian was murdered in a shocking manner by Rossi Siranni, another Italian of about the same age who made his escape after committing the crime. The murder occurred in the Italian quarter on Dawson street of that city.

The two men were employed at the plant of the American Window Glass company at Kane and were among a number of Italians occupying a large double house belonging to the company.

Early Sunday morning the two men engaged in a quarrel over the payment of $7 which one owed the other. In the fight Rossi Siriauni pulled a 38-calibre revolver from his pocket and shot his fellow-workman through the heart. Cocola dropped to the floor and expired.

The tragedy was enacted in the upper part of the house and was witnessed by no one although a brother of the dead man was in the house at the same time. He did not see the shooting, but heard the two men quarreling.

Although the shooting occurred at 2 o'clock Sunday morning, it was over five hours later before the police were notified. By that time the murderer was well on his way.

The police notified Coroner E. R. Sherman of Bradford and also District Attorney Guy B. Mayo of this place.

Cocola, the murdered man, was about 32 years of age and the murderer was about 25 years old.

The murdered was considered a quiet and industrious workman. The dead man was well liked by his associates. He had only been in this country but a short time.

Kenneth Mayo, representing District Attorney G. B. Mayo, went to Kane Monday accompanied by Court Interpreter, John Ruffalo, and E. W. Jones and met Coroner Sherman of Bradford and an autopsy and inquest were held.

The autopsy was performed by Dr. Dana of Kane and it was found that the bullet from the 38-calibre revolver had entered the victim's breast and passing through the heart became lodged in the back, against the ribs.

According to the evidence brought out at the coroner's inquest the two men had been out until late Saturday night and had reached the boarding house a little before 2 a. m. Sunday. In the upper part of the house later, there were some words over the payment of the $7 and Cocola was shot dead. After the shooting the murderer fled for parts unknown.

A doctor was called to the house in the afternoon and found the man dead on a bed where he was laid after the shooting.

After hearing the evidence through the interpreter, the jury rendered a verdict in accordance with the facts. There is no clue as to the whereabouts of Siranni. It is thought that he is being shielded by his fellow countrymen and it is said that he will be a hard man to bring to justice.

E. W. Jones of this borough, is busy scenting out facts that will lead to the apprehension of the murderer, and if there is anyone who is capable of doing this Billy is the man.

The police give the following description of the murderer: Weight, 140 pounds; height, 5 feet, six inches; age, 25 years; dark coat and trousers; dark brown hat; black shirt, no vest; long black shoes and blue stockings; of dark complexion.

ANDREW CAMPBELL DIES.

Passed Away at His Home Near This Place Monday.

Andrew Campbell died at his home near this borough in Keating township at 3 p. m., Monday, of brights disease, aged 65 years.

Mr. Campbell was born in County Clare Ireland, in 1844. In 1865 he came to this country, and on August 15, 1865, he was united in marriage to Miss Elizabeth Lynch and has resided in this section since that time. The fruits of his union to Mrs. Lynch were eight children, seven of whom besides the widow survive. They are J. T. Campbell, Olean; Mrs. L. E. McCabe, Erie; J. P. Campbell, Chicago; Mrs. P. E. Biggins, of Sharpsville, Pa., and Andrew, Leo and Miss Ora who reside at home. These children were all in attendance at the death bed of their father.

The deceased was taken ill about four months ago and since that time his condition had been most precarious until death.

Mr. Campbell during his long residence in this vicinity became one of its most affluent farmers and business men who was well known throughout the county. He has reared a family who are among this vicinities most respected citizens. The Miner unites with hosts of friends in extending condolence to the bereaved family.

The funeral was held at St. Elizabeths church Wednesday morning, Rev. J. F. Dugan officiating. Interment was made in St. Elizabeth's cemetery.

TOOK POISON.

Open Brook Man Took Paris Green Yesterday.

Dr. Ostrander received a summons from Open Brook last evening. The summons stated that Timothy Hooley a farmer who resides in that locality had taken paris green. The doctor responded and attended the man. Tim is said to have been drinking for the past two weeks, but whether or not he took the poison by accident or otherwise could not be learned. At any rate Timothy is still numbered among the living by late wireless dispatches from his bedside. It would take something with a stronger "kick" than paris green to send Hooley to his fathers.

Subscribe for the MINER.

PEARY REACHED NORTH POLE APRIL 6, 1909.

News of Discovery Received in New York by Wireless.

NO DOUBT OF IT AT ALL THIS TIME

Messages Bringing the News Assert that the Flag was "Nailed to the Pole"—Less Than a Year from Time it was Discovered by Dr. F. A. Cook.

New York, Sept. 6.—A little message of seven words flashed by wireless from the coast of Labrador to the local news bureaus to-day, at noon, made Commander Robert E. Peary, the second American citizen within five days to report to an astounded world, the discovery of the North Pole.

Later advices showed that Commander Peary had reached the pole on April 6, 1909, one year, lacking 15 days, after Dr. Frederick A. Cook had achieved the same prize.

The brief and thrilling message which conveyed the first tidings of Peary's feat was dated from Indian Harbor, via Cape Ray, N. F., and read:

"Stars and stripes nailed to the pole."

(Signed) "Peary."

While this message was being cabled to Europe, where Dr. Frederick A. Cook is now reaping his reward of public homage and royal honors as the first white man to reach the top of the world, confirming messages began to follow quick and fast, and to-night there was not the shadow of a doubt that Robert E. Peary had actually accomplished his task and was returning home with records and white witnesses to prove his conquest.

The explorer's joyous message to his wife was the most humanly interesting. It read:

"Indian Harbor, via Cape Ray,

"Sept. 6, 1909."

"Mrs. R. E. Peary, South Harpswell, Maine: Have made good at last. I have the old Pole. Am well. Love. Will wire again from Chateau.

(Signed) "Peary."

And the wife, who has waited patiently and confidently for just that message, replied:

"South Harpswell, Maine,

"Sept. 6, 1909."

"Commander R. E. Peary, Steamer Roosevelt, Chateau Bay:

"All well. Best love. God bless you. Hurry home.

(Signed) "Jo."

Herbert Brigman, secretary of the Peary Artic Club, received the following in a cipher, which dispelled all suspicion that the message might not have been sent by Peary:

"Indian Harbor, Sept. 6, 1909."

"Herbert L. Brigman, Brooklyn, N. Y.: Pole reached, Roosevelt safe."

(Signed) "Peary."

From St. Johns, N. F., came the announcement that Peary had telegraphed the Governor of New Foundland by wireless from Labrador, stating that he had reached the pole and congratulating New Foundland on its part in the discovery, because of the fact that the captain and the crew of Peary's ship were New Foundlanders.

On learning of Peary's achievement Dr. Cook sent out the following message from Copenhagen to the Hearst News service:

"Hurrah for Peary. It is now surely all America."

(Signed) "Cook."

Thus the great North that has locked its gates of ice against the bravest of the world throughout the 300 years during which the Pole quest has been carried on, has been cleared within the brief period of 12 months by the intrepid persistence of two men and those two Americans.

The history of the world offers no other such dramatic co-incidence. It is no figure of speech to say that the civilized world was stunned by to-day's message from Peary, coming as it did at the moment when America was ringing with laudation for the daring Cook and while the King of Denmark was paying royal honors to the Brooklyn explorer.

Dr. Cook has said he found no traces of Peary in the Artic and Peary makes no mention in his laconic messages of having encountered any sign of Cook at the Pole. But Danish scientists have confirmed the accuracy of Cook's records, and Peary's equipment was so absolutely flawless that he will bring home proof of his achievement.

All America is speculating upon what the meeting of these two heroes will be like. What is to be their attitude towards one another?

At all events scientists will have to be shown and although none of the doubts which have greeted the announcement of Cook's discovery have been expressed at Peary's feat, he will probably be put through as severe an ordeal as Cook.

A new dramatic situation developed Tuesday with the news from St. Johns, N. F., that Peary on the Roosevelt, had left Indian Harbor, Labrador, for Battle Harbor, which port she is expected to reach early to-morrow. Herbert L. Bridgman, secretary of the Peary Artic club, who left that day to accompany Mrs. Peary on the way to meet her husband, said that Commander Peary would stop over for several days in Maine, and probably would reach New York in about two weeks.

Dr. Cook according to his present plans, will arrive in New York, Sept. 20 or 21, on the Scandanavian-American liner, Oscar II, which means that the two great rivals for the first honor of the greatest feat of exploration in 400 years, may reach their home city within a few days of one another—perhaps within a few hours.

PEARY BELITTLES COOK.

New York, Sept. 8.—The following dispatch was received here today from Commander Robert E. Peary,

"I have nailed the stars and stripes to the north pole. This is authorative and correct.

"Dr. Cook's story shouldn't be taken too seriously. The Eskimos who accompanied him say that he went no distance north, and not out of sight of land. Other members of the tribe corroborate this."

The message created a great sensation.

COOK DISDAINS TO REPLY.

Copenhagen, Sept. 8.—"I am indifferent as to Commander Peary's doubts of my discovery of the north pole," declared Dr. Frederick A. Cook today. "I wouldn't degrade myself by answering Peary now, but will withold my reply to all doubts until they are based on scientific data. I credit Peary's claim that he has reached the pole. My case is in the hands of scientists and the world. The people shall be the judge."

BARRETT-CRANDALL.

A Pretty Home Wedding at Larabee Yesterday.

At the home of the bride's parents at Larabee at 12 m. Wednesday, September 8, 1909, occurred the marriage of Mr. George N. Barrett, Jr., and Miss Cecil K., only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Crandall, Rev. H. A. Reid of the Port Allegany M. E. church officiating.

There were about 125 guests present at the ceremony. The bride was attired in blue silk and the groom wore a business suit. Mr. Rex Stark of this place acted as best man while Mrs. Rex Stark acted as matron of honor.

After the ceremony a fine dinner was served and at 2:12 Mr. and Mrs. Barrett left for Hammondsport, Bath and other points on their honeymoon, after which they will make their home at Larabee for the present.

The principals of this pretty wedding have long resided in this section. The groom is employed at the P. R. R. station at Larabee and is a steady, industrious young man who has hosts of friends in this vicinity and the bride is a both popular and charming young lady. The Miner will unite with many well-wishers in tendering congratulations on this happy occasion.

James Maher Meets Horrible Death.

A dispatch from Kane dated Sept. 8, says:—James J. Maher, 42 years old, was instantly killed shortly before midnight, last night at a drilling well, at Jo Jo, a few miles from this borough. He was employed by Contractors Gayton & McKinney. The long belt connecting the engine with the drilling apparatus, slipped and he put it back on the pulley, meanwhile calling to the tool dresser, William Swartwood and informing him that the belt had become quite slippery. Maher secured a piece of burlap and holding it on the inside of the moving belt, attempted to wipe it off. It proved to be a fatal experiment. He was caught and dragged by the belt, his head being crushed against the pulley. His death was instantaneous.

The deceased was a life-long resident of Kane. He belonged to the O. M. B. A. and the Elks and was a man of excellent qualities. He leaves a family consisting of a wife and four young children; his parents, two sisters and four brothers.

The unfortunate man was a brother of "Paddy" Maher, a well-known and popular member of the Smethport baseball team about fifteen years ago.

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SUCCESS OF FAIR IS UP TO WEATHER MAN

Sunshine is the Only Necessary Attraction to Be Secured Now.

GREAT INTEREST IS BEING TAKEN

By Loyal Citizens Throughout the County and Its Going to be the Biggest Ever—A Big Midway and a Big String of Fast Horses.

If the weather will only be good the Fifth Annual Fair and Races of the McKean County Fair Assn. will be by far the greatest ever seen in this county. Interest has been aroused throughout the county and everybody having the welfare of the county at heart is boosting for this great fair.

This new and added interest on the part of our citizens generally has given new life to the fair managers and they are working as they have never worked before. Secretary Guy McCoy informes us that he is receiving inquiries daily from horsemen who desire to bring their fast steppers here and that unless all signs fail we will have more fast horses here this year than at any previous meeting. The various amusement companies are also showing unusual interest by making early inquiries and already much space has been sold for these midway attractions, which promises to be of an unusually high standard.

And we are going to have good exhibits of farm products too, despite the early frosts and adverse weather conditions. Our farmers have made early preparations for making the exhibits and they are going to deliver the goods. People who think the crops of this county have been destroyed by the dry weather and early frosts will find themselves very much mistaken when they visit the fair.

The live stock exhibits promise to be far ahead of any we have ever had. Stockraising in this county has been given much more attention in the past five years than in the twenty years previous, and the results are beginning to show. The poultry exhibits are also going to better than in the past although those who have attended this fair in the years gone by know that the poultry exhibits have been of a high standard.

The racing will be of a high standard, giving unusually good sport to the lovers of this national amusement. The classes and purses for each day follow:

TUESDAY.

Farmers' race	purse $ 25.00
Running ½ mile & repeat	purse $100.00

WEDNESDAY.

2:20 pace	purse $300.00
2:22 trot	purse $300.00
Running ½ mile & repeat	purse $100.00

THURSDAY.

Mixed 2:17 trot, 2:20 pace	purse $300.00
2:16 pace	purse $300.00
Running ½ mile & repeat	purse $150.00

FRIDAY.

2:30 trot	purse $300.00
2:25 pace	purse $300.00
Running ½ mile & repeat	purse $100.00

Some fast motor cycle races will be pulled off on Tuesday and Thursday. Everyone who saw these races last year will certainly want to see them again.

SUICIDE AT KANE.

Mrs. Pierson Was Tired of Living.

A Kane special of Tuesday to the Bradford Era says: Mrs. W. G. Pierson, a resident of the West Side, committed suicide late this afternoon by taking a dose of carbolic acid at her home. She expired before any of the four physicians who were called, arrived at the Pierson home.

The women had shown signs of being demented and at times had threatened to end her earthly existence. She had been closely watched. To-day she asked a friend to obtain the poison which she swallowed with fatal results.

Deceased is survived by her husband and one child.

Coroner Sherman was notified and will come to Kane tomorrow from Bradford, to investigate the circumstances of the death.

Reduced Rates to Olean Fair and Races

Account Olean Fair and Races, P., S. & N. R. R. will sell tickets from Smethport at rate of $1.05 for the round trip. Proportionately low rates from other stations. Tickets good going Sept. 6th to 10th inclusive and valid for return to an including Sept. 11th.

Buy a Lawn Swing of Holmes & Gilfillan. Best in the market.

A GOOD CIRCUS.

Sparks' Show Exhibited in This Place Tuesday.

Sparks' circus gave two fine performances in this borough last Tuesday which were highly enjoyed by fair audiences. The attendance was not as large as that which usually greets the show in this place, but this was due to the fact that the price of admission has been raised from twenty-five to fifty cents this year. The show has been greatly enlarged, but many people would not stand for the high admission charged.

No games of chance or other dishonest methods of separating man from his money are tolerated about the Sparks' show, and the outfit is notable for the general cleanliness which prevails. The performance is of a high class and is composed of some excellent acts. Notable among these was the troup of performing elephants, one of the finest trained acts ever seen in this place. Some of the principal contributors to the ring program are the Valentines', five in number, one of the feature acts of the show. Their work on the break-away ladder and roman rings was far above the ordinary run and they offered a sensational casting and return act which won for them much merited applause. Limited space will not permit the mention which the other acts deserve, suffice it to say they were all features. The band with the show is one of the best traveling, being composed of first-class musicians. It is under the direction of Prof. Turner and the concerts rendered in the ring before each performance were of a high order. The trombone solo rendered by John Sackett at the evening concert made a big hit with the audience. He is a soloist of more than ordinary ability.

The Sparks' show certainly made good on their visit here.

FAIR HEADQUARTERS.

Will Be in Charge of Mrs. Guy McCoy —Information Bureau, Etc.

A headquarters for the McKean County Fair is to be opened right away in the Rayner building next to the Hotel Imperial on Main street. The headquarters will be in charge of Mrs. Guy McCoy. Entries can be made here, entry fees deposited, season tickets purchased, premium lists secured, general information learned, etc.

This feature will be greatly appreciated by the public. Mrs. McCoy is thoroughly acquainted with the work she has charge of, having made exhibits at the fair in previous years. The new headquarters will be of great assistance to Secretary McCoy.

Season Tickets on Sale at the Following Places.

Smethport—All hotels and drug stores Geo. McGowan, R. E. Burdick, R. W. Hilton, Guy McCoy, F. D. Gallup D. M. Brusted, J. A. McKean, C. D. Comes, O. J. Hamlin, Chas. McKean, B. T. Garlick, W. H. Morrison, J. L. Morrison, J. G. Hoffman, E. W. Workley, E. E. Heath, F. P. Isherwood, Fry & Comes, Daly & Garlick, Lindholm Co., S. H. Cleveland, F. W. Brownell, E. W. Jones, J. W. Lee.

Coryville—H. J. Rice.

Kushequa—J. A. McKinnon.

Bradford—J. M. Hilton, W. F. Potter, A. R. Simons, F. P. Sloeum, Option House.

East Bradford—Arthur Hennage.

Marvindale—F. A. Sholander.

Hazelhurst—S. Lundon, Henry Lindquist.

Mt. Jewett—M. J. Gallup. Tom McClellan, E. W. Long.

Port Allegany—C. S. King, Charles Dailey, Leo Coding.

Eldred—W. A. Young, T. L. Sartwell.

Colegrove—H. H. Gallup, C. A. Anderson.

Rew City—T. H. Walker.

Newerf—Bloomster Bros.

Ormsby—C. J. Parsons.

Simpson—W. E. Scott.

Mt. Alton—John Bartley.

Larabee—J. T. Johnson.

Derrick City—E. J. Naber.

Clermont—J. S. Keating.

Kane—H. J. Writers, M. B. Pierce, W. W. Swalley, Lemuel Davis, Dr. Dick, E. H. Watkins, S. Barrett, Jr.

Horses for Sale

At Palmer's Livery, 2 Horses for sale including one 1200 pound worker.

A. T. Palmer,
Smethport Pa.

Take care of your stomach. Let Kodol digest all the food you eat, for that is what Kodol does. Every teaspoonful of Kodol digests 24 pounds of food. Try it today. It is guaranteed to relieve you or your money back. Sold by H. C. Wells, Smethport, F. H. Reed, Clermont.

For Sale.

Some second hand furniture at Dr. Pierce's residence, fine condition and dirt cheap, call early.

WHAT A LETTER BROUGHT TILDY.

How a Message of Love Was Borne to a Lonely Heart.

By FRANK H. SWEET.

[Copyright, 1906, by American Press Association.]

Lottie and Jack were at the postoffice when the letter with its sprawling, foreign looking address, facing the wicket, was handed out through the window. They laughed in a surprised way as they examined it, while the postmaster watched them through the window with a smile upon his usually solemn face.

"I've been postmaster fifteen years," he remarked, "and it's the first time that name's turned up to my recollection. Do you think it's a mistake?"

Lottie drew closer to her brother and scrutinized the missive half anxiously. There was Tilda's name in unmistakable clearness, despite the blurred lines caused by thick ink and the long journey.

"Miss Matilda Schneider."

"Won't she be amazed?" Jack said slowly. "Won't she be tickled?"

"Why, Jack!" his sister gravely interposed. "You don't know whether the news is good or bad. It may be horrid news. Let's see the postmark."

"Can't," said the postmaster from the window. "It's all blurred out. The stamp is a German one."

"Oh, isn't it funny—Tilda's having a letter!" the girl exclaimed, breaking into another shrill little laugh. Then she added, "I wonder who it can be from."

"The quickest way to know is to run home and find out," Jack answered, "unless, of course, you wish to open it, which wouldn't exactly please Uncle Sam." Slyly winking at the postmaster, he put the mysterious letter into his pocket and sauntered toward the door.

On the threshold of the small building, which was both a store and postoffice, he paused. "If any more letters for Miss Schneider come today," he called to the postmaster, "please send them up."

"Haw, haw, haw!" the old man laughed.

Jack and his sister passed gayly out beside [illegible] laughter behind them. [illegible] slowly, the looking [illegible] walked with a free, [illegible] movement. The girl was of good height for one but yet sixteen years of age, but her brother's head reached considerably above her own. The light vehicle in which they had driven to town was waiting before the door, with white Dobbin tied to the post, resignedly tranquil.

Perched upon the seat waited a little five-year-old girl with flaxen hair. She wore a very white and ruffled

TILDY'S FACE LOOKED PITIFULLY STRANGE.

pinafore, and her mouth was wreathed with smiles. They all drove away, rather slowly, because old Dobbin was a little lame in one foot.

The postmaster looked after the trio with a lazy interest. "It's mighty lucky for them that there is a 'Miss Schneider,'" he reflected, still smiling. "If 'twa'n't for her they'd be three times orphans."

The Wilton children were an unfailing topic of sympathetic concern to their neighbors and friends.

Their house was some distance from the village and was reached from the road by a grass grown driveway. Members of the family usually walked this path to save the aged Dobbin extra steps. Thus it happened when the gate was gained that Lottie and Amanda took the letter and went in search of Tilda, while Jack drove directly to the stable. In the orchard back of the house Tilda was discovered with their other sister, Rose—a round faced, curly haired girl, older and larger than Amanda, though not so tall as Lottie.

The German woman saw Lottie coming under the boughs several rods away. She began to speak immediately without slighting her task.

"Do you want your sprigged muslin done up' for the Miles party, or shall you wear your checked wool?" she asked.

Lottie seemed to be in doubt, for she stood silent beside the stooping figure with her hands behind her. "First, guess what I've got," she said.

Tilda finished her task and stood erect once more. She had a strong fine German face, browned by much contact with sun and wind, but the soft tints of youth had long since left it, and her brown hair, like her gown, was a trifle faded.

"I don't know," she answered, smiling. "Is it yours or Amanda's?"

"Neither," returned the girl. "It is yours. Now guess what it is!"

"It'th a letter!" screamed Amanda.

Tilda's eyes opened wider with a slow astonishment. They were as blue as the cornflowers of her fatherland.

"Why, there isn't any one to write," she said.

"Think!" insisted Lottie. "Some relative, some"—

A sudden light broke over Tilda's face, dimpling it and making it almost pretty for a moment. "I've got one relative," she ventured softly. "He's a young brother. But he's in Germany, and I never saw him. He doesn't write to me."

Lottie ceased questioning and handed her the letter. "I guess you have heard from him," she surmised. "Perhaps he is coming to see you."

Her last conjecture proved to be a true one. Tilda's brother was on the ocean even then. In a few days the ship that was bringing him would arrive.

Tilda occupied a peculiar position in the Wilton home. She was not exactly a servant and certainly not a member of the family. When the children were robbed of both parents in one short year it had been her presence, like a stanch sail, that had borne them through the troubled waters.

Another letter came to Tilda in a few days, but this one was addressed by another hand, and not a German one. It was written by the superintendent of a great hospital in New York. Karl Schneider, Tilda's brother, had arrived in America very ill. The note gave no particulars, but requested that Tilda come to her brother as quickly as possible.

She read the letter in the linen closet, where Lottie found her a few moments later sitting on the floor with her face buried in her hands. The slight of her forlorn, motionless figure was a shock to the girl. Tilda's face when she raised it looked pitifully strange. The Wiltons had seen it bright with smiles many times, but never tear stained. All through that afternoon, when the girls helped to get together the few possessions which Tilda needed for the journey to her brother, she seemed to their startled fancy another person. They were all conscious of a grave respect for her that they had not known before.

A farmer who lived up the road had offered to drive Tilda to the station. All the Wiltons hurried down the driveway with her and stood beside the stone wall when she went away. Not until the farmer, in his high buggy, had taken her from view did regrets occur to mar the peace of those left behind.

"You might have driven her down yourself, Jack," Lottie said reprovingly as a cloud of dust faded in the distance.

"You ought to have kissed her," he retorted, with a pang of indignation.

Tilda, seated alone and feeling very sad, noticed that the cars were filled with good natured people returning from some excursion. The new scenes and the flying, unfamiliar landscape might have made this a red letter day in her career if her errand had been a happier one and her heart had been less anxious.

Poor Tilda! The world seemed a very wide one as she hurried on and the strangers jostled her rudely and impeded her way when she timidly pushed through the great station. But at last she stood beside Karl's bed in a long, window dotted room. Then the universe seemed bounded by the walls that closed about the slender lad. She forgot everything else while she hung over him and held his hand in a tender clasp.

He spoke but a few words to her, for his days were ebbing fast. At the close of a week his short sojourn in a foreign land had nearly ended, and one evening, still holding his sister's hand and smiling in her face, he started on another journey. This time Tilda's brother found his way to a happier shore.

Several days passed before Tilda, stunned and helpless, roused herself to think of the familiar routine of duty. She was too much wearied to summon thoughts, but at last she did write a short note to Lottie in which she spoke of returning to the Wiltons and touched upon her loss in a quiet, unobtrusive way. It was a labored epistle, which cost poor Tilda much effort, and was written with a lead pencil. But Lottie forgot to make even a smiling criticism upon it, and the humble sheet of paper seemed to her to hold some element that made it eloquent.

All the family gathered in the sitting room to hear this letter read. The elder sister delivered it with a gravity that made Tilda's words doubly impressive. A startled trio stared at her as she rose after it was finished.

"I tell you," she said with a sob, "it's a shame—a perfect shame!"

Jack and the little girls sank back in their seats, weakly surrendering before her overwhelming assertion. It never occurred to them to question what she meant. Something in her manner made them understand. They had felt the unwritten pathos of Tilda's note, and it hurt them vaguely, but they naturally recoiled from Lottie's next words.

"She's been a sort of slave to us," she said quietly, and this idea, hurled so suddenly smote the listeners like a blow. From nearly every corner of the room some reminder of Tilda's faithfulness twinkled before their eyes as they stood there breathless.

"See! She doesn't even expect any sympathy from us!" Lottie went on relentlessly. "And, oh, she is the best friend we have! How could we? How could we?"

The only comfort that the silent ones could grasp was the fact that their accuser held herself included in the blame. Rose's sweet treble voice was a welcome sound after an interval of dreary quiet.

"Can't we begin to be good now, this minute?" the little girl suggested, pausing anxiously, expectant of a forbidding frown on Lottie's brow. But to her great relief, her sister acquiesced gracefully, raising no objection at all to the plan.

They all began to bustle about the room, hardly knowing what they were to do, but feeling very cheerful at the turn affairs had taken. Jack proceeded to raise his spirits in quite a boyish manner, but he lingered at the door awkwardly before he left the room.

"I say, Lottie," he ventured, "she decorated cake for tea and special things, you know, when—when a fellow came home." He paused, blushing vividly. But Lottie understood.

"We will have the decorated cake and—the rest," she answered gently.

Then Lottie went over to where Jack stood and laid her hand upon his arm. "She shall have a royal welcome, dear," she said, smiling, though her eyes were tearful.

Through the rest of the day everything connected with the Wilton house was tending toward the "royal welcome."

It surprised the girls to find how cheerless Tilda's room appeared when they entered it. They had never seemed to see before that it was bare of ornament. They carried in pretty things from their own rooms and laughed among themselves as they made the plain apartment bright and comfortable. It was Rose who thought of the patchwork quilt that was made of a thousand bits of gay silk and cherished in the Wilton household as a treasure of peculiar value. Only on state occasions as a mark of peculiar honor was it brought forth, and when Lottie and Rose together spread it upon Tilda's bed each felt its presence to be a delicate attention that could not fail to meet its true interpretation.

Amanda's offering was a cluster of spring flowers which were so assuredly the stamp of her clumsy little fingers that Lottie gave it a post of honor, where it told its own story.

Tilda's train stopped at the station late in the evening. A light rain beat against the windows. The scene was dreary enough as she peered out unsmilingly, but she gave a start of surprise at the glimpse afforded her of Dobbin's white figure standing out clearly through the mist. She had not expected Dobbin. She had hoped to reach the house in some manner, but to be assisted by a horse so old and highly respected as he was, at such an inconvenient hour, was an unmerited honor. And Jack, too—he must have come to meet her. She hinted her amazement to the young man as they were jogging along and expressed reluctance at making him so much trouble. But a greater surprise awaited Tilda at the old stone wall. Lottie and Rose and Amanda were there to help her alight from the carriage. She could hardly believe her senses when the girls surrounded her and flung their arms about her neck.

"Oh, Tilda!" one or the other kept repeating. "Oh, Tilda!"

The tired woman clung to them silently, her heart beating wildly with bewilderment and a strange joy. Why her young brother had drifted into her life only to be swept away again was a mystery that Tilda could not understand, but there was one sweet certainty that her mind laid hold of and kept always. It was suggested first at the station by Dobbin's familiar visage, with Jack beside him waiting in the damp. It seemed to shine out from the lantern that swung before them like a huge firefly as Rose, dancing merrily along, lighted the little group up the driveway to the house. Lottie and Amanda, nestling so close on either side of her, made the same thought an undisputed truth. This was not the return that she had fancied; this meant more than going back to servitude. It was a home-coming!

Nothing could matter now, she told herself, trembling nervously. These young orphans loved her after all. She had loved them for years and years. They belonged to one another. That night when she fell asleep under the silk patchwork Tilda was actually happy.

THAT NIGHT TILDY WAS ACTUALLY HAPPY

The Sailor's Hands.

A visitor who prides himself on his knowledge of nautical affairs was chatting with a friend outside the Flatiron building. "See that man coming?" he asked. "Can you tell what he is by the way he walks?"

"Why, no," replied the New Yorker who was with him.

"He's a sailorman of some sort. Look at his hands. No landsman ever walked that way. A sailor always walks with the palms of his hands turned behind him and the backs turned forward, the way he is walking. Look at that landsman over there. He swings his arms with the palms of the hands turned toward his body and the backs out. You can always detect a man who is accustomed to the sea that way."

"What's the explanation?" inquired the other.

"Why, there isn't any that I know. It may be because the sailor gets the habit of balancing himself in rough weather by the use of his arms, but I don't believe that's the reason. It's just one of those things you can't account for.—New York Press.

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The above illustration is from a photograph of the Plant Industry Building, U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. It is located in the heart of the city and is covered with **PAROID ROOFING.** The Government also uses **PAROID** for stables, barracks, warehouses, etc. It uses **PAROID** because it finds nothing as economical.

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The Big Store. SMETHPORT, PA

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Sept. 9, 1909.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—One hundred and thirty years ago Col. Brodhead marched through this county.

—A new cement sidewalk is being laid in front of Herman Dumjohn's property on Mill street.

—The residents along East Main street are doing some excellent work in grading between the sidewalk and curb.

—R. W. Hilton is booking attractions at the Olean, Cuba and Corry fairs this week for the McKean County Fair.

—The Ladies' Aid of the M. E. church will have a cooked food sale at J. Colegrove's store, Saturday afternoon, Sept. 11th. The sale will begin at 2:30.

—A new cornice, which has been purchased by W. J. Kerr has arrived and will be placed on the front of his building on Main street to replace the one destroyed by the big fire this spring.

—Victor Clark, a 14-year-old boy has been arrested charged with setting fires in Olean. The lad has confessed to starting fires in the Gillingham shed, a box car and the Pennsylvania Railroad platform.

—The Allentown Hotel in Allentown, N. Y., was sold on Tuesday through the Herrick Agency to I. G. Dorritt of Bolivar, who will take possession at once, Benjamin Bolen, owner of the property for the past two years, has not decided as yet on a location.

—Mr. Conrad J. Hines of Berkshire, Mass. and Miss Gertrude Long were united in marriage at the home of her parents, in the parlors of the Commercial Hotel, Mt. Jewett, on Wednesday, Sept. 1, 1909, by the Rev. G. A. Sutton of Kane. The bride's many friends in Smethport wish the happy couple a long and happy life of wedded bliss.

—Olean is about to purchase two automobile fire engines.

—An excursion was run over the Shawmut Monday, Labor Day, from Hornell to St. Marys. The train consisted of 11 well filled coaches.

—September 15th is tag day in Smethport, the proceeds of which will be used in the erection of a boulder on the school house square and the marking of the route of Brodhead's expedition along the old "Kittanning Path" at Lafayette Corners, Cole Creek and Bunker Hill.

—The scarlet fever situation at Mt. Jewett, according to advices Sunday, is practically unchanged. There have been two deaths and something like a half dozen cases. No new cases are reported. On Sunday the churches there were closed. Schools are to be kept closed until the health authorities are convinced that the danger of an epidemic is passed. Last week two children named Jackson and Miller, respectively, died from the effects of the fever at Mt. Jewett.—Bradford Era.

—Train No. 1 on the B., R. & P. railroad due in this city at 12:44 a. m. struck a horse and rig near the bridge just north of the Emery refinery. The animal was killed and the buggy wrecked, parts of the vehicle being found on the pilot when the train stopped at the station. The animal had strayed along the track eventually, with no driver to guide it. Engineer Lefley of the flyer did not see any person in the buggy.—Monday's Bradford Era. Later it was learned that the horse belonged to Thomas Wharlin.

Do not be deceived by unscrupulous imitators who would have you believe that the imitation pills are just as good as Dewitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. There isn't anything just as good as these wonderful pills for the relief of Backache, Weak Back, inflammation of the Bladder, urinary disorders and all kidney complaints. Any one can take DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills as directed in perfect confidence of good results. Sold by H. C. Wells, Smethport, F. H. Read Clermont.

THE SAFFRON PLANT.

It Is Among the Very Oldest of the Vegetable Products.

The particular species of crocus that has from time immemorial been cultivated for its dried stigmas, a product known under the name of saffron, is Crocus sativus, which is wild from Italy to Kurdistan. Saffron may be reckoned among the very oldest of vegetable products, being alluded to in the Song of Solomon among other spices of Lebanon. The name crocus is Chaldean or Greek and was first used by Theophrastus of Eresus about 350 B. C., and that it was a well known and admired flower in Greece soon afterward is shown by Sophocles, who mentions the "crocus of golden beam" in his "Oedipus at Colonos."

The word saffron seems to be a corruption of the Arabic name "al zahafaran," and the product itself was first imported into England as a spice or condiment, being also used as a color or dye for silks and other fabrics of the eastern looms.

At a later date, exactly when is not known, the plant itself was cultivated in England, more especially in Essex, in which county the name of Saffron Walden remains in evidence of the fact. Again, we have in London Saffron hill, which formerly was a site included in the bishop of Ely's garden at Holborn once famous for its saffron beds as well as for its strawberries. Today, however, saffron is but little used.—London Chronicle.

SUGAR AND CANDY.

Satisfy the Cravings of the Children For Sweets.

Children may eat too much sugar, and they may also stay too long in their bathtub, or in the creek when they go in swimming, or get tanned or a headache from playing too long in the sun, or chilled by staying too long in the open air, but is that any sound reason why they should be deprived of sweets, sunlight, baths and fresh air or discouraged from indulging in them?

All that is needed, says Dr. Woods Hutchinson in Success Magazine, is a little common sense regulation and judicious supervision, not prohibition or denunciation. Most of the extraordinary craving for pure sugar and candy, which is supposed to lead the average child to inevitably "founder himself" if left to his own sweet will and a box of candy, is due to a state of artificial and abnormal sugar starvation, produced by an insufficient amount of this invaluable food in its regular diet.

Children who are given plenty of sugar on their mush, bread and butter and puddings, a regular allowance of rice and plenty of sweet fruits are almost free from this craze for candy, this tendency to gorge themselves to surfeit, and can usually be trusted with both the candy box and the sugar bowl.

Parker House Rolls.

Materials.—Three tablespoonfuls of butter, one teaspoonful of salt, one-half cupful of lukewarm water, one yeast cake, two cupfuls of new milk, one tablespoonful of sugar, two Egg whites and six cupfuls of flour.

Way of Preparing.—Scald the milk and add to it the sugar, salt and butter. Let stand until lukewarm, then add three cupfuls of flour and beat for five minutes. Add the dissolved yeast and let stand until it is a very light, frothy mass then add the egg whites beaten to a stiff froth, and the remaining flour. Let rise again until it is twice its original bulk, place on your molding board and knead lightly and then roll into a sheet half an inch thick. Take a large biscuit cutter and cut the dough into rounds. Brush with melted butter, fold over and press the edges together. Place in a buttered pan one inch apart. Let rise until very light and bake in a hot oven fifteen minutes. —National Food Magazine.

A Duck of a Man.

Ellen Terry and Mr. Balfour met for the first time at the table of Henry W. Lucy in London. During the ensuing conversation Miss Terry remained strangely silent. Presently the Unionist leader had to leave for the house of commons, and Ellen Terry at last found her tongue. Her host was relieved to find that she had not been bored. Bringing her closed hand down on the table, she exclaimed with a glance toward the door through which Mr. Balfour had passed, "I think that's a duck of a man!"

Advantages.

"I suppose you are glad to be free again?"

The ex-convict sidestepped a trolley car, dodged an auto and looked nervously toward a clanging ambulance.

"Oh, of course, of course," he said. "But let me tell you a man in prison feels mighty safe."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Drawback.

"Your ocean trip was pretty nice, I s'pose?"

"Oh, yes."

"Saw icebergs and such things, eh?"

"Yes, but I missed the billboards, I can tell you."—Washington Herald.

Caution Extraordinary.

"You have a night key?"

"Of course," answered Mr. Meekton, "only I'm so careless that Henrietta keeps it locked up in the safety deposit so that I won't lose it."—Washington Star.

Amateurish.

"Am I the first girl you ever kissed?"

"You are—I swear it!"

"I accept your apology."—Cleveland Leader.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

An Incident That Seemed to Explain Joshua's Miracle.

There was an incident in our life at Brandy, connected with Gettysburg, which is worth relating. Batchelder, whose map of the battlefield of Gettysburg is authority and whom we had fallen in with while we were there, asked to join our mess at Brandy when he came to the army to verify the positions of the various commands. One night we had just sat down to dinner when he entered our big hospital tent, quite tired.

"Well," he announced after taking his place at the table, "I have been down in the Second corps today, and I believe I have discovered how Joshua made the sun stand still. I first went to —— regiment and had the officers mark on the map the hour of their position at a certain point. Then I went to —— regiment in the same brigade. They declared positively it was one or two hours earlier or later than that given by the other. So it went on, no two regiments or brigades agreeing, and if I hinted that some of them must certainly be mistaken they would set me down by saying with severe dignity, 'We were there, Batchelder, and we ought to know, I guess,' and I made up my mind that it would take a day of at least twenty hours instead of thirteen at Gettysburg to satisfy their accounts. So when Joshua's captains got around him after the fight and they began to talk it over the only way under the heavens that he could ever harmonize their statements was to make the sun stand still and give them all a chance."

Any one who has ever tried to establish the exact position or hour when anything took place in an engagement will confirm Batchelder's experience and possibly, if not too orthodox, accept his explanation of Joshua's feat. —Morris Schaff in Atlantic.

A MONSTER SKULL.

One That Was Said to Be Bigger Than a Bushel Basket.

One of the most remarkable finds of gigantic human remains of which we have any record was that said to have been made at Palermo, Sicily, in the year 1516, when an entire skeleton of undoubted proportions was unearthed in the Capuchin quarry near the mammoth remains measured exactly thirty-four feet from head to foot and nine feet seven inches from point to point of the shoulders.

A stone ax buried with this old time giant may still be seen at Palermo in section "Z" of the St. Isidore museum. It is made of a flinty looking, fine grained bowlder and appears to be about two feet eight inches long by one foot broad and nine inches through in the thickest place. A musty, rusty looking tag attached to the relic informs the visitor that it weighs fifty-two pounds, but the general verdict is that it could not weigh over thirty or thirty-five pounds.

The skeleton was burned by a mob in the year 1682 during the prevalence of the black death at Palermo, the ignorant superstitious people believing that it was connected in some mysterious way with the death dealing distemper. The skull of this giant, according to Abbe Ferregus, "was largely excessive of the baskets said to hold the bushel, being fitted above and below with teeth to the number of sixty-four, the each of which would have weighed two ounces."

Cavalier Scory claimed to have found a skull on Tenerife that had sixty teeth.—Westminster Gazette.

Animal Mimicry.

Observers of nature are frequently struck with the singular resemblances of insects to leaves, dried sticks, etc., and these likenesses are supposed to have grown out of the necessity of protection against or concealment from enemies. An interesting example of this kind of resemblance was brought to the attention of the Entomological society in London by a naturalist, who exhibited a spider found inhabiting some rocks near Cannes, on which were also fastened the cases of a species of moth. When at rest the spider exhibited almost precisely the same form and color as the moth cases surrounding it.

Can't Beat 'Em.

As usual, he was monopolizing the newspaper.

"Please let me have the woman's page," she said.

He carefully tore off a page and handed it to her.

It was a full page advertisement of a millinery opening, and he chuckled at his own little joke.

Still, she was revenged. She went to the opening, and he paid the bill.—Chicago Post.

An Ample Test.

The Insurance Agent—Sure your heart isn't weak? The Insured One—Oh, yes, yes. The Agent—Ever test it? The Insured—Yes, indeed. I watched a fifteen inning ball game with the score 1 to 1.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Open Confession.

Aunty—Tommy, I put three pies in here yesterday, and now there are only one. How is that? [illegible] it was so dark, and I thought they were one!—London Tit-Bits.

The E[illegible]
Discretion to [illegible]
men whose [illegible]
you are taking [illegible]
The Husband [illegible]
trated Bits.

He is the noblest who has raised himself by his own exertions to a higher station.—Cicero.

PAUL JONES' PROMISE.

Our Great Naval Hero and the Duchess of Chartres.

The Duchess of Chartres was an enthusiast in the cause of American liberty and a warm friend of its great naval champion, Paul Jones, whom she nicknamed the "Untitled Knight of the Sea." The duchess was a royal princess and a very great lady, and Captain Jones was a sailor, self educated, and the son of a Scotch gardener, but in the exchange of gifts and compliments which, according to the custom of the day in France attended their friendship, he was not to be outshone.

At a luncheon which she gave just before he sailed from France in the Ranger on that famous cruise of his which carried the war to the very shore of Britain it was the good fortune of Paul Jones to share in a conversation touching a French naval engagement in which the grandfather of the duchess had borne a conspicuous part and to defend and explain his maneuvers on that occasion, showing a knowledge of every ship and every captain engaged and winning on the spot the ardent personal adherence of Mme. de Chartres.

At the close of the feast she presented him a valuable watch which had been her grandfather's. Taken by surprise, the American captain nevertheless accepted it with a grace that charmed the courtly company, promising that in return, if fortune favored him, he would some day "lay an English frigate at her feet."

It was a daring boast, but in A. C. Buell's biography of Paul Jones it is related how he kept it. Within two years occurred the marvelous victory of the Bonhomme Richard over the Serapis, concerning which the victor wrote the duchess a letter, ending, "The enemy surrendered at thirty-five minutes past 10 p. m. by your watch, which I consult only to fix the moment of victory."

That was a phrase to delight a society that reveled in pretty phrases, and the duchess was amply satisfied. When Paul Jones reached Paris she gave a grand banquet in his honor. Just before it ended he reminded her of her gift and his promise. A servant was sent to his room and returned with a long leather case, which the duchess took amid the exclamations and eager curiosity of the company.

"Your royal highness perceives the impossibility of keeping my promise in kind," explained the keeper of the seal, smiling. "The English frigate proved to be a forty-four, on two decks, and she is now at present with French colors flying. The best I can do toward keeping my word at two years ago is to place in your duke's hands the sword of the Scots officer who commanded her. I have the honor to surrender to the loveliest of women the sword surrendered to me by one of the bravest of men—the sword of Captain the Hon. Richard Pearson of his Britannic majesty's late ship the Serapis."

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At present our stock is small but we are getting in new goods as fast as possible and we will make every effort to please you.

We are ready to do all kinds of repair work. Give us a call.

Anderson & Carlson,

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The famous little pills.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

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PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

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Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

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Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday Sept. 9, 1909.

CLYDE FITCH, the great American playwright, died in France last Saturday evening, the victim of a surgical operation. He was a man of great talent in his line and his death is a distinct loss to the modern stage.

THE Falls Creek Herald is about to suspend publication. The paper has been published only about one year by The Herald Co., of which Chas. J. Baugert is president and manager. Previous to this the Herald was published at Reynoldsville, and when it moved to Falls Creek and took the anti-local option end of a vigorous fight it did not prove to be a good venture.

DOWN at McKeesport a wealthy woman lost a lot of diamond rings, brooch, necklace, etc., and she reported to the police that they had been stolen. Plain clothes men were put on the job and a few days later the woman who owned the diamonds discovered that her seven-year-old son had taken them and presented them to his six-year-old sweetheart, who was using the jewels to decorate her dolls.

WHO will be the next Republican candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania? Hon. Charles W. Stone of Warren is mentioned as a possible candidate. Josiah N. Thompson of Linnintown is likewise spoken of in that connection. Later there will be other names, many of them; and the campaign will be full of interest. On the Democratic side of the fence there are numerous favorite sons, of course, but no names have been given out as yet.—Bradford Era.

EVERY person interested in farming and stockraising in this county should lend a helping hand to make the McKean County Fair this year, (and every other year) a great success. In the past five years that this fair has been in existence the farming and stockraising in this county has made unprecedented advances, bringing this county into the front ranks along these lines. Now it is your duty to boost, and the best way is to boost the fair by buying a season ticket and being present.

PRESIDENT TAFT favors woman's suffrage. He is quoted as saying in answer to the question a few days ago: "A great many able women who have given the woman suffrage question serious thought are not yet convinced that they desire the right to vote. When the time comes that the women of the United States are agreed that they desire woman suffrage, I believe the time will then be ripe for them to have it; and when that time comes they'll get it."

"It's all in the family," said a mob Sunday night when, failing to get negro murderer they grabbed his brother and lynched him. Nathan McDaniels, the murderer of Policeman Walter Marshall, was caught in a swamp near Clarksdale, Miss., by Sheriff Wray of Bolivar county, who hurriedly boarded a train for Jacksonville with the prisoner, where he was taking him for safekeeping. The Clarksdale mob came up just as the train left and boiling with anger, caught Hiram McDaniels, a brother of the murderer, and swung him to a tree.

THE McKean county Democratic committee held a meeting in Bradford on Monday and the following officers were elected: James G. Paul, chairman, Bradford; E. R. Benson, secretary, Mt. Jewett, and Frank P. Isherwood, treasurer, Smethport. Stirring resolutions were adopted and speeches were made. Hon. R. W. Hilton made a short but impressive speech and it is claimed that his friends expect to prevail upon him to again be a candidate for the Assembly. After the business meeting those present went to Derrick City where they enjoyed a clam bake and corn roast at the Hudonic Club.

COMPLETE surrender to the demands of the strikers has been made by the heads of the Pressed Steel Car company at McKees Rocks and the official announcement was made Monday that the men could return to work at once. Every demand with the exception of the wage increase has been acceded to. The men returned to work on Tuesday. The surrender on the part of the company is said to have come about through the arrival of Commissioner Charles P. Neill of the department of Commerce and Labor at Washington. Commissioner Neill is there as a representative of President Taft, to investigate strike conditions.

A SHORT time ago H. M. Bauman of Derrick City was a popular man in Venango county. He was a county commissioner. Then came a series of revelations which reflected severely on the man's character and reputation for honesty and decency. He was tried and found guilty. His wife now sues him for divorce. He goes to the penitentiary disgraced and disheartened. His former friends sneer at him. His name is a byword to joke with. And all this is due to the fact that he did not follow a course of simple honesty and rectitude. The price he is paying for his irregularities is a heavy one and the lesson it teaches is obvious.—Era.

Colegrove Wins Pennant.

The Crosby ball team which is considered the best around these parts, and having won the majority of games played this season, with the surrounding towns, met their waterloo when they went against the Colegrove bunch at Crosby Sept. 5th.

The Crosby team was slated for a double header, taking on the Bloomster Hollow team first. The first game was hard fought, the teams being evenly matched, but the Home team won, score 4 to 3. After a short intermission they started to repeat the trick with Colegrove, but there was nothing to it.

Smith the Crosby pitcher who has proven such a puzzle in the games with Smethport, Clermont and other teams, was batted completely out of the box, being replaced by Anderson who was also pounded for a few safe ones. The outcome of the game was a surprise to the large crowd of fans present, as this was the first game the Colegrove boys have played. It would take too much space to give a full account of the game, so we will omit the line up, but the principle features were the pitching of W. Scanlon and Culver for Colegrove. Culver struck out every man that faced him in one, two, three style and the Colegrove team all batted like a gang of young Hans Wagners. Barbour in five times at bat made a triple, two doubles and two singles. Hartnett a home run, two doubles and a single; Putnam, two home runs and a single, L. Scanlon also hit the ball hard and made a home run on four balls. Guess that's going some. Umpire Donaldson called the game after 7 innings. Score 18 to 8. Game called on account of darkness.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Sept. 4, 1909

Foreign

Tulf, Johan

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLEY,
Postmaster.

Useful Diversions.

There is an affection in every employment, and it gives the spirit energy and keeps the mind intent upon its work or study. This, if it be not preserved, becomes dull, and its sharpness dies, as an axe that has lost its sayer, so that it has no pungency or polish, or as a bended bow, which, unless it be unbent, loses the power that it derives from its elasticity. Just so the mind, kept from day to day to the same ideas, without variety. So the eyes, when they look only at one object or continually upon one color. For, to look continually at a thing which is black, or continually at red or at white, destroys the sight. Thus if one looks continually at the snow the sight is destroyed, but it is enlivened if he looks in succession or at the same time upon many colors. Every form delights by its variation—as a garland of roses of different colors arranged in beautiful order. Hence it is that the rainbow is more charming than the light itself.—Emanuel Swedenborg.

Fooled.

He was a doctor and was patiently waiting for his first patient.

Thought he: "If the mountain will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain. And as patients will not seek me out I must needs seek them out."

He strolled through the cheap market and presently saw a man buy six nice cucumbers.

"Here's a chance!" said he and followed him home.

Patiently he waited for four long and lonely hours, and about midnight the front door quickly opened, and the man dashed down the steps.

He seized him by the arm and cried earnestly:

"Do you want a doctor?"

"No!" replied the man roughly. "Want more cucumbers!"—London Answers.

The Bride's Linen Room.

If a groom elect has not provided an extra room to his house for storing his bride's linen he should build it in time, for in these days whenever a girl marries her mother closes her lips grimly, goes after pa's pocketbook and does the right thing with nine dozen towels, fifteen dozen napkins, eighty-four pairs of sheets, etc. She doesn't expect her daughter to open a boarding house, but she has proper pride and intends to do the right thing by the girl even if it breaks pa.—Atchison Globe.

Couldn't Forget It.

"Saturday night some miscreant lugged off a whole cord of my wood, and somehow I can't forget about it!" declared Silas.

"Have you tried to forget it?" inquired his friend.

"Yes. Sunday morning I went to church hoping I could get it off my mind, and before I had been there five minutes the choir started in singing 'The Lost Chord,' so I got out!"—Judge.

The Planet Mercury.

Though Mercury is one of the smallest of the planets, it is perhaps the most troublesome to the astronomer. It lies so close to the sun that it is seen but seldom in comparison with the other great planets. Its orbit is very eccentric, and it experiences disturbances by the attraction of other bodies in a way not yet fully understood. A special difficulty has also been found in the attempt to place Mercury in the weighing scales. We can weigh the whole earth, we can weigh the sun, the moon and even Jupiter and other planets, but Mercury presents difficulties of a peculiar character. Le Verrier, however, succeeded in devising a method of weighing it.

He demonstrated that our earth is attracted by this planet, and he showed how the amount of attraction may be disclosed by observations of the sun, so that from an examination of the observations he made an approximate determination of the mass of Mercury. Le Verrier's result indicated that the weight of the planet was about the fifteenth part of the weight of the earth. In other words, if our earth was placed in a balance and fifteen globes, each equal to Mercury, were laid in the other the scales would hang evenly.—"Story of the Heavens."

Lunch and Luncheon.

"We don't have dinner in the middle of the day at our boarding house any more."

"You have lunch, I suppose?"

"No, luncheon."

"Well, that's the same thing."

"Oh, no, it isn't! Lunch is a light dinner, and luncheon is a light lunch."—Puck.

Cure For Lonesomeness.

The redheaded girl is a winner, and the man who gets her will not be lonesome. He will soon find out whether he has drawn a Tartar, baited hook or a combination of the two.—Baltimore Sun.

The learned man collects his erudition, the silly man clothes himself with it.—Houssaye.

See Quirk's ad before ordering your oysters, clams, etc.

Wanted—Young girl to do housework. Address, Box 98, Smethport, Pa.

Drop head sewing machine in fine condition for sale cheap for cash. Inquire at this office.

For Sale.

Sound and gentle family horse, carriage, robes and complete outfit. For particulars, call on or address

H. C. WELLS, Smethport.

Every patriotic man, woman and child is invited to come to Hogarth's Drug Store on Tag Day, Sept. 11th, and have soda water or ice cream and cake, to help swell the Boulder fund. Home made cakes on sale also.

Summer Millinery.

All that is newest, most becoming and satisfactory in the line of Millinery. The very latest ideas skillfully carried out by trimmers and assistants who know how to secure proper effects.

16tf MRS. CARRIE CLARK.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the safe, sure, easy, gentle little liver pills. The original Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve is DeWitt's. The name is plainly stamped on every box. It is good for cuts, burns, bruises, sores, boils and sunburn—but it is especially good for Piles. Sold by H. C. Wells, Smethport, F. H. Reed, Clermont.

High Score for Week.

Box Ball Parlor:

Wed.	Sept. 1,	H. H. Reifield	141
Thurs.,	" 2,	T. T. Allen	136
Fri.	" 3,	"	146
Sat.	" 4,	P. C. Barlingame	152
Mon,	" 6,	"	162

Friday, September 10, Special Ladies' Day, 1 to 5.

School Building for Sale.

Sealed bids will be received until eleven o'clock, Sept. 20th, '09, by Smethport School District for the sale of the frame building situate on the school square. Terms cash. Building to be removed and lot raked off and cleaned by purchaser by Oct. 1, 1909. The right to reject any and all bids is reserved.

F. D. GALLEY Secretary.

Bids Wanted.

The Keating township school district will receive sealed bids for conveying school children from the Curtis school district and the Reed Hollow school district to the Moore school, back and forth to said school from October 1, 1909, to April 1, 1910. Bids will be received at so much per trip, and must be in the hands of the secretary on or before Oct. 1, 1909. The school district reserved the right to reject any and all bids.

Address all communications to

W. E. SELOTT, Secretary,
Cyclone, Pa.

NOTICE.

THE FOLLOWING ACCOUNTS OF ADMINistrators, Executors and Guardians, having been settled in the office of the Register of Wills, the same will be presented for confirmation at the Orphans' Court to be held at Smethport, in and for the county of McKean in the State of Pennsylvania, on the first Monday of October, A. D. 1909.

Final accounts of Charley Johnson, guardian of Nano Wilhelmina Christensen and William Arthur Christensen, late minor children of James Christensen, deceased.

First and final account of Amiel Peterson administrator c. t. a. of the last Will and Testament of Sam Christensen deceased.

First and partial account of Elizabeth C. Hirsch, administratrix c. t. a. of the last Will and Testament of T. Jefferson Hirsch, deceased.

First and final account of Clara B. Smith, administratrix of the estate of James D. Smith, deceased, who was guardian of Clara Bell Bedell, minor child of Samuel W. Bedell.

First, final and distribution account of Margaret E. Healy, executrix of Daniel W. Healy, deceased, who was administrator of the estate of S. S. Brown deceased.

Second and final account of Mary M. West, administratrix of the estate of Jacob West, deceased.

First and final account of Walter P., Cook, executor of the last Will and Testament of Edwin M. Kellary, deceased.

First, final and distribution account of Frank A. Burdick and Ralph E. Burdick, executors of the last Will and Testament of Ira Burdick, deceased.

First and final account of Edgar Colquist, administrator of the estate of John A. Anderson, deceased.

Final account of Joseph Shearer, administrator of the estate of John Shearer, deceased.

First and final account of Catherine Healy, administratrix of the estate of B. Healy, deceased.

First and final account of Catherine Healy, administratrix of the estate of B. Healy, deceased, who was guardian of Johanna O'Leary minor child of John O'Leary, deceased.

First, final and distribution account of Albert Stohr, guardian of Grace L. Seeley, late a minor child of C. E. Seeley, deceased.

First and final account of Lars Swedenhjelm, administrator d. b. n. c. t. a. of the last Will and Testament of Peter A. Westgren, deceased.

First and final account of Sheridan Gorton, administrator of the estate of Emma J. Roeder deceased.

First and final account of Clayton D. Smith, administrator of the estate of Marvin L. Smith, deceased.

First and final account of Lolia Palmer, executrix of the last will and Testament, of Emily Palmer, deceased.

First, final and distribution account of Emily T. Camp, administratrix c. t. a. of the last Will and Testament of George E. Camp, deceased.

First and final account of Margaret E Healy, executrix of the last Will and Testament of D. W. Healy, deceased, who was guardian of Margaret Horty, minor child of Thomas Horty, deceased.

First, final and distribution account of R. H. Bard, administratrix of the estate of Charlotte E. Bard, deceased.

First and partial account of D. W. Robertson administrator c. t. a. of the last Will and Testament of Fenton A. McCray, deceased.

First, final and distribution account of Carrie E. Brown, guardian of Leslie L. Brown, late a minor child of S. S. Brown, deceased.

First and final account of H. M. Wick, guardian of Fanny F. Tinker, minor child of Julian E. Tinker, deceased.

JOHN B. EASTMAN, Register.

Smethport, Pa., September, 4, 1909.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 37, February Term, 1909.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Florence A. Coon did, on the 10th day of December 1908, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the cause therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Lester H. Coon, &c.

We therefore command you, the said Lester H. Coon, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the first Monday of October, 1909, to answer the petition by libel of Florence A. Coon and show cause, if any you have, why the said Florence A. Coon, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, according to the Acts of Assembly in such case made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WM. H. MORRISON, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., September 8, 1909.

F. D. GALLEY, Plaintiff's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 8, February Term, 1909.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Maud Johnson did, on the 19th of January, 1909, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas and County, praying for the causes therein set forth the might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Howard Johnson.

We therefore command you, the said Howard Johnson that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the first Monday of October, 1909, to answer the petition by libel of Maud Johnson and show cause, if any you have, why the said Maud Johnson, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, according to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WM. H. MORRISON, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., September 8, 1909.

F. D. GALLEY, Plaintiff's Attorney.

FOR SALE.

FISH, OYSTERS, ETC.

First order arrives this Friday. Fresh Fish, Marsh River cove Shell oysters, Clams, Tub oysters, Crabs, Lobsters, etc. DELIVERED PROMPTLY.

LEAVE ORDER AT

Quirk's Restaurant.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Condensed Statement of Condition of

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.,

SMETHPORT, PA.,

at close of Business Feb. 1, 1909

RESOURCES.

Banking House	$ 19,084.71
Bonds	187,419.90
Loans	570,589.87
Cash	22,681.21
Due from Banks	88,514.47
	$888,344.16

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock	$200,000.00
Surplus	100,000.00
Undivided Profits	31,701.38
Deposits	557,142.78
	$888,344.16

This Bank Solicits accounts of firms and individuals. Pays interest on time deposits. Offers all the inducements practical with conservative banking.

FARMERS,

Look out for BUGS and BLIGHT!

Paris Green,
Bluestone,
Helebore,

and everything in the Druggists' line fresh and new at the

A. B. ARMSTRONG DRUG STORE.

New Hats — New Shoes

-:- New -:-

12.50, 15.00, 18.00 & 20.00

FALL SUITS for Men and Boys

Get one now for the Fair.

New Neckwear

H. W. RUBIN

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

Schrafft's Chocolates

—AND—

Munger's Candies

A fresh Stock just received.

—Try them at—

H. C. Wells' Drug Store,

SMETHPORT, - - PENNA.

...BUY...

Lowney's Confectionery

—AT—

McCoy's Drug Store

WAVERLY OIL

The Ideal Oil for either air-cooled or water-cooled Machines. Distilled from Pennsylvania Crude Oil—light in color, which means absolute freedom from carbon.

WAVERLY MOTOR OIL is a high grade heavy body oil through any style lubricator, and will not congeal in the coldest weather.

If you have any difficulty in obtaining

Waverly Special

from your dealer or garage, communicate with us at once and we will see that you are supplied.

"Perfect lubrication without carbon deposit."

Waverly Oil Works Co.
Independent Refiners
Pittsburg, Pa.

SPECIAL AUTO

KUSHEQUA ROUTE
KEATING & SMETHPORT R. R.

McKean County Fair

—AT—

SMETHPORT, PA.

SEPTEMBDR 21, 22, 23, 24, 1909

For this occasion EXCURSION TICKETS will be sold September 21, 22, 23 and 24, good to return until September 25, inclusive, from Clermont, Colegrove, Crosby, Coryville, Ormsby, Newton, Kushequa and Mt. Jewett.

Special trains Sept. 22, 23 and 24.

J. A. McKINSON,
General Passenger Agent

PICKLES

A Few Bargains in SWEET, MIXED and SOUR PICKLES in bottles, also PEARL ONIONS in bottles.

Every day is Bargain Day at

G. W. BRENNAN'S,

THE CASH GROCER.

Chas. M. Provin

has rented the shop in the rear of Armstrong's drug store and is prepared to do all kinds of

HORSESHOEING, BLACKSMITHING and WOODWORK

A share of your patronage is solicited.

Chas. M. Provin

HIGHEST CASH PRICE

—paid for—

BUTTER, EGGS AND POULTRY.

William M. Hagan,

HAZELHURST, - - PENNA.

If you have any of the above to sell, and I don't call, drop me a card

The Lindholm Co.

Headquarters for McCall's Patterns

TAILORED WAISTS

We are showing a complete line of ladies' waists in stripe and white linen, for the coming season, priced $1.19 & $1.75

Boys', Misses' and Children's School Shoes

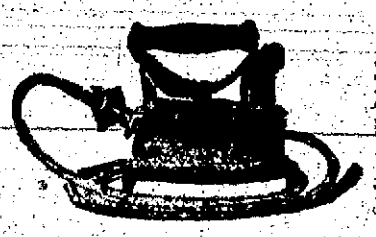
Tough shoes for lively Boys and Girls. Don't scold your boys and girls for wearing out shoes—buy them good shoes, stout in material, strong in make. We have the right kind made for us and warranted by us. Prices $1.75 to $3.00, according to size.

The Lindhom Company

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

SELF HEATING Laundry Irons

Natural Gas



Made in three sizes

No. 1, 5 lb.,	$3.00
No. 2, 6 lb.,	$3.50
No. 3, 8 lb.,	$4.00

These Irons are furnished with 6 feet of hose and all connections complete.

Connects with hose to Chandelier or Bracket. Saves gas enough in a very short time to pay for itself.

These Irons will operate 10 hours on Natural Gas at a cost of less than one cent, or on Artificial Gas 10 hours for 2½ cents. The Iron is always hot and ready for use. The gas is regulated by needle valve, producing any temperature desired. More and better work can be done in one-half the time, and all without overheating your rooms in the old way.

—AT—

DALY & GARLICK

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday Sept. 7, 1909

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Port Allegany has a new fire bell.

—Wear a blue Tag on Tuesday, Sept. 14.

—Children save your pennies for Tag Day, September, 14.

—Everybody assist the D. A. R.'s on "Tag Day"—September 14.

—Everybody buy a Tag to help mark the route of Col. Brodhead's Expedition.

—Miss Mattie Backus was confined to her home Wednesday on account of illness.

—A new cement walk has been placed in front of the Hamilton block on Main street.

—The Smethport Window Glass Co.'s plant resumes operations the 15th of this month.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. John Hoffman of Norwich township, Wednesday, Sept. 8, 1909, a boy.

—People who sell firearms to unnaturalized foreigners are liable to get themselves into trouble.

—You need not go to the North Pole for saleable information—but read Monheimer's ad on this page.

—M. W. Heinlein has had a new cement walk placed in front of his residence on East Main street.

—There will be a meeting of St. Luke's Guild and auxiliary at the Parish House at 4 p. m. this afternoon.

—With the fine train service secured for fair week large crowds are looked for from Kane, St. Marys, Olean and all intermediate points.

—If Col. Brodhead's route through this county is not marked now, it never will be and our only affiliative with the Revolutionary War forgotten.

—George Alcock of this place who was called to England several weeks ago to settle up the estate of a deceased relative, returned home this week.

—Justice of the Peace, A. W. Colegrove has moved his office from the second story of the Grange Bank building to the law office of Sheridan Gorton.

—The Fair Association has secured S. W. Doty, assistant superintendent of the Department of Animal Husbandry of State College, for cattle judge this year.

—Mrs. Chas. Scull entertained fifteen ladies at a thimble party at her home on Mechanic Street last evening. Fine refreshments were served during the evening.

—The automobile to be given away fair week is proving to be a fine traveler, having thoroughly covered the county and vicinity. The person holding the lucky ticket wins this fine machine.

—The owners of the new 50-foot length of hose that was taken from in front of Specht & Sasse's store recently, have a pretty good idea who took it and unless it is returned, an arrest will probably follow.

—A new 70-foot steel motor car has been placed in operation between Bradford and Salamanca on the Erie railroad. The car which seats 75 contains ladies, smoking, baggage and express compartments.

—The condition of Ward Means, the popular conductor on the Kushequa R. R., who recently underwent an operation for appendicitis has so much improved that there is little doubt that he will recover.

—A young child of Mr. and Mrs. Earnest Hamilton, while playing in the street near its home, yesterday afternoon, had the misfortune to have one of its hands run over by the delivery wagon of Andorfer and Lyle. The injury was very slight.

—Frank Tomiasky slashed Walodytav with a big knife at Austin on Sunday of last week. The trouble grew out of jealousy over a Polish girl. The victim is in the hospital with a good chance of recovery and the would-be murderer has not been apprehended.

—While in this borough last Tuesday the Sparks' circus had many of their wagons repaired at the plant of Holmes & Gilfillen. This firm has constructed several wagons and cages for the Sparks show, which always has its outfit overhauled by this firm on their visits here.

—The Miner is in receipt of a letter from George Rees in reference to the item in this paper last week concerning the accident by which one horse of a team belonging to Mr. Rees lost its life near Coryville. From the information upon which the item was written no cause was assigned to the animal's death except fear. Mr. Rees states that the animal fell and in doing so broke its neck. He also states that he was not driving the team at the time of the accident.

—To-morrow afternoon at Mt. Jewett delegates from the different fire departments of this county who are to be in attendance on Firemen's Day of fair week, will meet and arrange a program to be carried out on that day.

—The Smethport lodge, I. O. O. F. went to Hazelhurst yesterday on an invitation from the lodge of that place and were their guests for that day. During the day a team from the Smethport lodge defeated a team from the Hazelhurst lodge at baseball by the score of 11 to 10.

—A 4 year-old Italian boy residing on East street was run down by a team near the East Smethport bridge last Thursday night. One of the animals stepped on the little fellow's head and inflicted painful but not serious injuries. Dr. Chadwick was called and dressed the lad's injuries.

—Arrangements have been made with the P., S. & N. R. R. for special trains on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of fair week, from Olean and St. Marys and intermediate points. These trains will arrive in Smethport early enough to allow everybody to have a full day's pleasure, and return late at night.

—Two automobile parties were in the city yesterday and dined at the St. James hotel. In one party were Mrs. Charles Bosworth of New York; Mrs. J. W. Lee, Mrs. C. J. Hamlin, Mrs. H. H. Redfield, of Smethport, and Mrs. A. G. Olmstead, Mrs. M.R. Jones, W. A. Stevens and Robert A. Olmstead of Coudersport.—Saturday's Era.

—Several Smethport gentlemen have moved the bicycle trap, which was located near the Smethport Glass Co's plant when the old gun club was in existence several years ago, to the land beyond the houses of the Smethport Improvement Association at the East end of Willow Street and are enjoying the pastime of shooting clay pigeons.

The Kane, Mt. Jewett and Port Allegany Fire Departments have accepted the invitation to be present at the Firemen's Day festivities at the Fair Friday, Sept. 24. Several other companies from surrounding places are looking upon the proposition of attending with much favor and it is an assured fact that this day will be one of the largest at the fair.

—The American LaFrance Fire Engine Co. of Elmira has issued about 100 invitations to the fire chiefs and city officials of all nearby cities and towns to be present on Firemen's Day of the McKean County Fair at Smethport to witness the demonstration given by the Smethport Fire Department. The engine to be used in this exhibition was purchased from the LaFrance Co. last year by Smethport citizens.

—The three young men, juniors in the Smethport High School who were suspended by the school board for participating in the trouble at the Tavern last June have been reinstated. The young men circulated a petition about town which was signed by nearly every voter, and which they presented to the board asking to be reinstated. At the meeting of the board held Monday evening it was decided to allow the boys to go back to school.

Personal Mention.

Miss Rose Curtis is a Buffalo visitor this week.

James Chisholm spent Sunday at Riverhurst.

Mrs. N. Cummins of Olean is a Smethport visitor.

Julius Flatow was a Smethport visitor Tuesday.

Miss Mary Mantz is the guest of Bradford relatives.

Mrs. Fred Backus is the guest of relatives in town.

Anna Burg left Monday for a two weeks stay at Buffalo.

Mrs. P. C. Pierce went to Olean Monday to attend the fair.

Miss Fannie Foster has gone to Kent Hollow to teach school.

Archie Malcom and son John were Bradford visitors Tuesday.

L. C. Brooke of Buffalo is visiting relatives in town this week.

Miss Fern Herzog of Colegrove was a Smethport visitor this week.

E. T. Benson Esq., of Mt. Jewett was a Smethport visitor yesterday.

Miss Alice Connolly spent Sunday with relatives in Coudersport.

MacArthur Gorton was a visitor in St. Marys the first of the week.

Mrs. J. V. McAlpin and son, Jack, were Bradford visitors this week.

H. S. Rogers of Mt. Jewett was a business visitor in town on Tuesday.

Charlie Donahue of Ormsby was calling on friends in this place Tuesday.

Miss Helen Newton of Port Allegany has been visiting Miss Rita Denning.

Mr. J. B. Wood of Amsterdam N. Y. spent Sunday with relatives in town.

Miss Katherine Hussey of DuBois is visiting her cousin Mrs. V. B. Bouton.

J. E. Chadwick is visiting relatives and friends in Chicago and Elkhart, Ind.

Miss Sophia Hafner of Clermont was in town Tuesday visiting relatives and friends.

Mrs. J. B. Wood who visited here in June returned Friday from visiting her uncle, Mr. C. H. Moore, of Indiana, Pa. and friends in Pittsburg. She will visit her aunt, Mrs. J. F. Eberspacher a short time before returning to her home in Amsterdam, N. Y.

Miss Sylvia Lawrence departed Monday for Erie where she will visit friends for a few weeks.

Mrs. Henry Hallman left Wednesday for New York City where she expects to spend the winter.

Mrs. Wm. Hafner left Tuesday for Austin, where she will visit her daughter, Mrs. H. F. Grabo.

The Misses Bodamer of Buffalo have been spending the past week with Dr. and Mrs. Burg Chadwick.

Elmer Raymer of Galeton visited at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. N. D. Raymer, over Sunday.

Henry Hudson, Selbert App and William Puhl of Port Allegany were the guests of friends in this place Monday evening.

Miss Mayte Connely who has been visiting in Coudersport for the past several weeks returned home Monday evening.

Mrs. T. H. Partle, who has been the guest of Corenpolis relatives during the past two weeks returned home Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. G. I. Davis accompanied by Mrs. C. Herzog and Miss Fern and Harry Herzog were in Smethport Tuesday for purpose of attending the show.

THE GAME LAWS.

Matters of Interest to Lovers of the Dog and Gun.

The following is a list of animals and birds declared to be game in Pennsylvania, when they may be killed, the number, etc:

Bear, unlimited, October 1 to January 1.

Black-birds, all kinds, unlimited, September 1 to January 1.

Doves, (Mourning or Turtle) unlimited, September 1 to January 1.

Deer, male with visible horns, one each season, November 15 to December 1.

English, Mongolian or Chinese pheasants, 5 in one day, 20 in one week and 50 in one season, October 15 to December 1.

Grouse (ruffed) commonly called pheasant, 5 in one day, 20 in one week and 50 in one season, October 15 to December 1.

Hare or rabbit, 10 in one day, November 1 to December 1.

Quail, commonly called Virginia partridge, 10 in one day, 40 in one week and 75 in one season, October 15 to November 15.

Hungarian Quail, closed for two years.

Web-footed wild-fowl of all kinds, unlimited, September 1 to April 10.

Wild turkey, 1 in a day and 2 in a season, October 15 to November 15.

Squirrels, fox, black or grey, six of combined kinds in one day, October 15 to December 1.

Shore birds, unlimited, September 1 to January 1.

Snipe, Jack or Wilson, unlimited, September 1 to May 1.

Plover, unlimited, July 15 to December 1.

Remember, that game killed in this state may be held in possession only during the open season for such game and for 30 days thereafter. This is the law.

No deer, ruffed grouse, commonly called pheasant, or quail, commonly called Virginia partridge, killed within the commonwealth can be bought or sold at any time. No ruffed grouse, commonly called pheasant, killed outside the commonwealth can be sold within the commonwealth excepting during the open season for like birds in the commonwealth and for 30 days thereafter. No wild turkey or poncock killed either within or without the commonwealth can be bought or sold at any time. All other game can be bought and sold in season.

No game of any kind can be legally carried or in any manner removed out of the state, except by those who have secured a non-residence licence.

Are You Looking For A Good Farm At A Low Price?

If you are, you will be sure to want to see our September farm list, just out. In this list is described over 150 money making farms, from five to 800 acres in size. From $500 to $20,000 in price. Some have stock and tools, some free gas; all are worth more money than we ask for them. Some are for sale on easy payments, none more than one-half cash. There never will be any more land but there will be more people. Land will be higher. You will never have a chance to buy a good farm for so little money as to-day. Everything the farmer raises brings good prices; it is not likely that lower prices for farm products will ever return. We have sold hundreds of farms, and we believe we know values. We want you to see our September list before you buy. It contains a long list of farms, hotels, stores, mills, oil property, timber land, and village properties. We are likely to have just what you want. Send stamp for it now—TODAY.

Herrick Agency,

BOLIVAR, N. Y.

We Bring Buyer and Seller Together.

Home Journal Patterns — Monarch Shirts

FRY & COMES

New Sweater Coats

This week we put on sale a fine new line of Sweater Coats for Men and Boys.

A new feature this year is the military collar which with the new color combinations gives a very pleasing effect.

The values are much better than heretofore. We think you'll agree that they are worth a fourth more than we ask.

For Boys Sizes 26 to 34 $1.00 to $1.50
For Men Sizes 36 to 44 $1.00 to $2.90

FRY & COMES

Smethport, - - - Penna.

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamp on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

ANDORFER & LYLE

Quality Grocers

TRY FROU-FROU—the New Dutch Delicacy Imported from Holland

FRESH POTATO CHIPS

FAXON'S BREAD AND BAKED GOODS

GREEN CORN SWEET POTATOES

ATLAS E-Z SEAL & MASON IMPROVED FRUIT JARS

See what $2.50 Cash will buy on Friday and Saturday this week:

$2.50 Combination	Regular Price		
½ sack W. P. Flour	$0.95	½ doz. Bananas	.13
6 lbs. Granulated Sugar	.30	1 lb. Crackers—Soda or Butter	.10
1 lb. Brighton Blend Coffee	.25	1 "Kellog's" Toasted Corn Flakes	.10
6 bars Oak Leaf Soap	.25	1 lb. "Jipco" seeded raisins	.10
½ lb. best Uncolored Japan Tea	.25	1 can Old Dutch Cleanser	.10
1 can fancy Corn	.12		$2.75
1 lb. best Rice	.10	Our Special Cash Offer	$2.50

WM. MONHEIMER.

DR. COOK

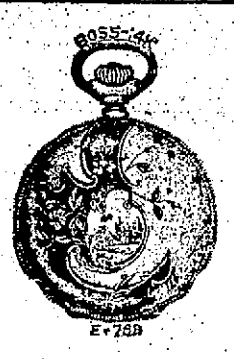
Discovered the North Pole!!

In a few days you will be able to read all about this wonderful achievement. In the meantime there'll be no such difficulty for you to

MAKE the DISCOVERY

that it is to your interest to come to this store for anything you or your boy may need to "slip on" or "dress up" in. The new fall Suits, Shoes, Hats, Etc., are here. We guarantee our prices are right and that We'll Give You Your Money's Worth or Your Money Back.

MONHEIMER'S



RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one the runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St. - Smethport

THE YELLOW DRESS.

Two Love Scenes In Which It Played a Part.

By S. B. HACKLEY.

[Copyright, 1899, by Associated Literary Press.]

"May I see the gown?"

It was the sweetest of voices that spoke, and the brown eyes that looked inquiringly at the saleswoman of a clothing bureau in a large eastern city matched the voice.

The saleswoman led the way to a room filled with clothing and held upon her fingers a truly beautiful gown. It was of yellow satin, of the heavy kind that stands alone and glistens like cloth of gold.

The girl reverently touched the shining garment.

"It is magnificent," she cried; "just the thing for my tour!"

"It was donated by a wealthy woman whose daughter had worn it once and for some reason took a dislike to it," explained the saleswoman.

"How could she?" The girl held one rich fold to her face, studying its effect on her clear brunette complexion. "How could she?"

"I wonder myself," remarked the saleswoman as she took from her customer the $6 required for the exquisite creation.

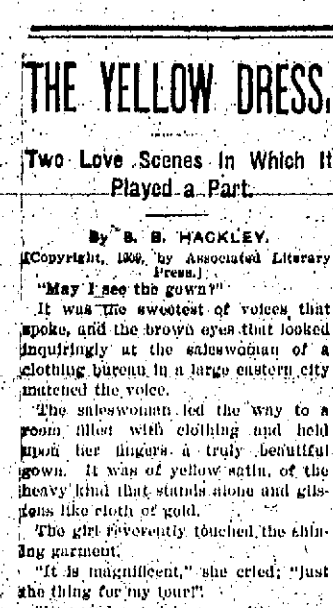
"I thank you a thousand times," said the girl gratefully, "for saving it for me. You have made me perfectly happy!"

* * * * * * * * *

Leslie Reading was young in years for the professorship he held in the college for men in Alma Laurens' home city, very handsome, very grave in demeanor and afraid of women.

Alma Laurens, only child of the wealthiest man in the city—Alma, with her red brown hair and her brilliant brown eyes, had a blister of scalps at her belt, the scalps of those who had fallen victims to her charms and offered their hearts and their names. Moreover, the object of her life was to add to this cluster.

"I was out by the Elm Dubble this afternoon," she said one evening to her cousin, "and just by the college yard



ALMA'S MIRROR REFLECTED AN ALLURING CREATURE.

I saw some one particularly interesting. You must find out who he is, Mort."

Morton Ellis was one whose scalp lock hung on Alma's jeweled belt, but the fact had long since ceased to pain him.

"Still at your old tricks, Alma! How was the fellow dressed?"

"Oh, Morton, don't ask me about his clothes! His hair was curly, just like the color of Fitzhettle's hide. And his eyes—deep blue and abstracted looking. He wouldn't have seen me if"—

"You hadn't dropped your handkerchief," surmised Morton.

"The wind—there really was a wind—twisted my scarf around his feet, and he restored it to me. You must find out for me, Mort."

"Any distinctive feature?" questioned her cousin.

Alma wrinkled her forehead. "No—but, Mort, he had a satchel with a tiny wood handled something."

"Geologist's hammer," hazarded Ellis. "A college man, hussie!"

Next afternoon Mort announced that Alma's scarf rescuer was Leslie Reading, professor of geology, enthusiastic to a degree over his work, and a frequenter of the Wynden road.

"Oh, Mort," Alma greeted him that evening, "I came upon Professor Reading on the Wynden road! He explained so many things I've always wanted to know about rocks, and, Mort, he's coming to my reception next week!"

Reading had always held an old fashioned idea that love was something to be spoken of only after lengthy acquaintance, nor did his idea, much to Alma's irritation, change after he met her.

Determined before the summer vacation to make his tongue tell what his eyes had already eloquently told, Alma began to treat him with an uncertain tenderness that convinced him that she loved him.

"I never dreamed that you would ask me to marry you," she lightly told him when, at the close of their reception at the Laurens house, he spoke in repentant humility.

"How could you think I cared for you?"

"How could I think of it?" Reading asked when he at length understood "You made me think of it!"

Alma's mirror after the reception that evening reflected an alluring creature in her splendid yellow satin gown, but he had not been sufficiently affected by the glamour of her beauty to beseech her to change her mind. Vexed and disappointed, she had sent away the gown she had worn.

* * * * * * * * *

It was October again. The western college town had never had a concert to equal the one now in progress.—

"Isn't she beautiful!" The instructor who had thrown up a professorship in an eastern city for this humbler place heard this breathed as he sat listening with downcast eyes.

"Do look, Professor Reading! Oh that gown! Oh!"

Leslie looked up. There behind the footlights stood a girl with masses of red brown hair waved simply back from her face. The gown she wore with charming grace might have been Alma Laurens' June reception gown thought Reading. And was it not?

Madeline Coyle did not like the staring to which she was subjected, but there was something in the evidently unconscious gaze of a pair of solemn blue eyes that followed her during the next day at the hotel that made her heart beat quicker.

Long acquaintance is not necessary to love. Madeline knew this very soon and she began to find it hard to sing before the serious listener in the front row each evening. It was a series of concerts that was being sung in the college town.

And Reading knew before the week's end that the heart he had believed dead was alive and in the keeping of the young singer who wore Alma Laurens' dress.

On Saturday he came upon Madeline walking on the river bank.

"I want to speak to you, Miss Coyle," he said hastily. "Will you listen a moment?"

"Professor who stares, what have you to say?" she asked, in attempted lightness.

Reading flushed painfully. "Did I stare? It is small wonder when you—when you wear the very costume my mother woman wore when she trampled on my heart—a woman who, for the fun of making me propose marriage, made me believe she loved me. I—I—may I not"—

"I had no means to buy a new costume," the girl said simply, "so I purchased it from a clothing bureau."

"I did not know there was a woman in the world so beautiful" said Reading after a moment. "Madeline, what would you say if a stranger told you he loved you?"

Madeline looked at him, then laid her slim hand on his trembling one.

"I would say," she half whispered "Oh, Leslie, how happy I am!"

"Blessed yellow dress!" murmured Reading when they had strolled back to the town at sunset. "You'll wear it at our wedding, won't you, my sweet?"

The young singer smiled. "A bride must wear white," she said softly "but I will put it on at evening when you come home to dinner. Will that satisfy you, dear?"

And Reading made eloquent answer.

A Case of Luck.

"Guess I was born lucky, all right," remarked a man with a low comedy face at a downtown lunch counter "Listen to this:

"Yesterday morning on leaving home I encountered a friend at my newsdealer's. He handed me a paper. At the subway station he produced two tickets, and we rode together. About 12:30 my brother-in-law phoned me an invitation to join him at luncheon, which I did. He was engaged to dine at my house in the evening. He called for me at the office and insisted on paying the fares uptown. When I got home I suddenly realized that, quite inadvertently, I hadn't spent a cent all day."

"Don't see anything very lucky about that," a listener interrupted.

"Didn't say there was," continued the speaker. "But I discovered at the same time that I had left home in the morning without one cent in my pocket."

"Guess you are lucky, all right," said the other.—New York Mail.

Made His Heart Glad.

'Twas night, and the editor lay in bed and thought of the weary day he had just passed, of his aching head and the bills he had to pay.

He watched the stars through his window peep and Cynthia's silver beams till his eyes grew tired and he fell asleep and passed to the land of dreams.

He slept and dreamed till the morning broke and the day began its race, and the wife who lay by his side awoke and gazed on his placid face.

She looked and saw on his face a light like the sun's first golden ray that softly kisses the mountain's height as the darkness flies away.

Then she nudged his arm, for 'twas time to rise, as the clock was striking 7, and asked as he rubbed his sleepy eyes, "Did you dream you were in heaven?"

"Oh! not quite that, my love," said he, "but it made my heart so glad; I dreamed that a man came in to me and paid in advance for a full page ad."—Exchange.

London's New Joke.

London is holding its sides because of a wonderful new joke. It's rather a shame to tell it to you, but it's too good to keep. The first Englishman asked the second, "Why is Mella like a Dutch toaster?" Get ready now, it's coming. "Because she is an Austrian Ham." Isn't that the worst of wit? An "oyster alien." And people dare to say the English are not humorous.—Springfield Republican

PROBLEMATIC.

When the girl of today dons her bathing array,
Do you for a moment suppose
The hipless idea will prevail even here,
With a skimpy skirt down to the toes?

Will the blouse be cut short in directoire style,
With a waist line as high as you please,
Or will it be lengthened and modishly made,
With a cute little frill at the knees?

Will the sleeves be tucked down to the finger tips,
The collar boned up to the ears,
And will a peach basket or beehive replace
The Rachel and cap of past years?

Oh, banish the fancy and banish the fear
That a new Aphrodite may rise,
Sans curves and sans dimples, straight fronted, severe,
With the look of the sphinx in her eyes!

When the girl of today dons a bathing suit guy
Perchance we shall finally see
If she's really the strange work of art
She now seems,
Or what nature ordained her to be.

—Ella Randall Penree in Puck.

But Funeral Preferred.

The Successful Comedian—Cheer up, old man. We all have our ills.

The Disappointed Tragedian—It's a comfortable reflection. I shall certainly attend yours.

Neglectful.

With mingled awe and astonishment we have been watching the gentleman at the next table eating spaghetti. He has a way of enrolling it on his fork, winding it around and around and tossing it in with a free arm movement which, for that of a hired hand plucking his first meal, is remarkable.

"Yes," he says to the friend who has been watching him with as much interest as we have, "I'm an expert on spaghetti."

"I believe it," remarks his friend.

"You bet? Why, I know forty different ways of cooking it."

"And do you know but the one way of eating it?" asks his friend.

For the moment we are inclined to send a good cheer to the friend.—Chicago Post.

A Clever Turn.

An eminent lawyer was once cross examining a very clever woman, member of the plaintiff in a breach of promise action, and was completely worsted in the encounter of wits. At the close, however, he turned to the jury and exclaimed: "You saw, gentlemen, that even I was but a child in her hands. What must my client have been?" By this adroit stroke of advocacy he turned his failure into a success.—London Mail.

So What's the Use.

"Yes, I went fishing yesterday," began the man who tries to be original. "Luck? Well, some. I caught two fish. One was three and a half inches long and the other two inches."

But was he believed? Not much. After he had passed on some one commented:

"But he didn't even get a bite."—Kansas City Times.

A Good Provider.

"Have you ever noticed the kindly providence of nature?"

"What's on your mind?"

"I was thinking of the thoughtfulness of covering the trees with foliage so the cunning little caterpillars would have something to eat."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Absentminded.

"Wilkins is the most absentminded cuss I ever met."

"How so?"

"Why, the last time he got into the barber's chair he pinned the newspaper around his neck and began to read the towel."—New York Times.

The Only Escape.

Golfer (to excited pedestrian, who has already been driven into by a couple coming in opposite directions)—Fore!

Excited Pedestrian—Oh! right, guv'nor! You ain't got a rabbit burrow 'andy, 'ave yer?—Punch.

Assisting Him to First.

"The caterpillar is the slowest thing on earth," said the young man, poking at the tree trunk with his cane.

"Oh, I don't know," said the young lady in the hammock, who hadn't as yet scored her first engagement for the summer.—Boston Globe.

Tipsy Actions.

"What makes the ships out there wabble about so?" asked the summer visitor of the old salt.

"Well, you see, mum, they've lain soakin' at the harbor bar," was the old salt's reply.—Judge.

A Natural Conclusion.

"Did that fat man fight when they arrested him?"

"Well, naturally he made a stout resistance."—Baltimore American.

CUPID AND GHOSTS.

A Vacation In the Country That Didn't Effect a Cure.

By DONALD ALLEN.

[Copyright, 1902, by Associated Literary Press.]

It had been decided in family conclave to send Hilda to the country for the summer.

Hilda was not in a decline. Her appetite was good. What troubled her father and mother was to find that Hilda was in love.

John Wayne, her father, was a lawyer of note, and when the "case" was put into his hands by the mother he handled it like a lawyer. In this instance he constituted himself counsel, judge and jury, and the verdict was that Miss Hilda was to be packed off to the home of a maiden aunt in the country for three months.

The mother doubted, but the father was confident. Hilda had only reached the childish age of nineteen. This affair was only a trifle. Aunt Judith was an old maid and had no sympathy with such nonsense and would give the girl sage advice. That conclave, consisting mostly of the father, settled things in half an hour. There is popular complaint about the law's delay, but there are times when it moves very swiftly.

Hilda was not told in so many words why she was packed off to summer with the geese and bumblebees and milkweeds, but she had her suspicions. She knew nothing whatever of law, but she set about to work to beat the lawyer. Aunt Judith was calm and watchful and unsympathetic and held Cupid in contempt, and that was where her case was weak. Within a week of Hilda's arrival, by means of the towheaded boy on the next farm, the girl was receiving and sending letters.

The aunt had figured it out to herself that her niece would sink for about four weeks and that she would have to feed her at least a dozen figures. She was thoroughly disappointed when Hilda did not sink.

Out in the orchard, under an apple tree, rested an old settee. To it a week after it attended [illegible] Dug arbors the [illegible] have [illegible] under that box and [illegible] away the [illegible] be found there. [illegible] receiving [illegible] comes a letter, and [illegible] a letter before [illegible]. The mailbox was not quite as romantic as a silver chest, when it have been, but it was a fairly safe postoffice.

By and by a letter told that Walter Allen would have his two weeks' vacation beginning at a certain date and that a certain event might be expected to happen. This letter was worth an extra dime to Hilda, and she consciously left the same under the box when she replied. She also sang so often and was so cheerful in and out of the house that Aunt Judith held a conclave with herself and unusingly announced to the audience that wasn't there:

"I have delivered only three lectures on the foolishness of calf love and the duty of children to their parents, but they have been sufficient to open the dear girl's eyes and make a different being of her."

An hour before dark one summer evening Hilda was asked if she wanted to carry a berry pie to a poor old woman living in a cottage half a mile down the road. Hilda did, and she was humming to herself as she set out. It was by this very road that within a day or two she might expect ——. But she had to carry that berry pie very carefully and not expect too much.

Between her aunt's home and the old woman's was a deserted farmhouse standing close to the highway. Windows and doors were gone, the roof falling in and the yard grown up to weeds. The towheaded boy could have told Hilda that it was a haunted house and that ghosts had been seen trooping in and out.

One can't simply hand in a berry pie to a poor old woman and then rush away. She must be questioned about her rheumatism and other ailments and cheered up to live another twenty years. By the time the good Samaritan was ready to say goodby it was dark. She hadn't paid any attention to the sunset and the gathering clouds, and she had hardly gone ten rods when a big raindrop struck her cheek. She began to run, but the drops came faster and faster, and by the time she had reached the deserted house she was drenched and thought only of finding shelter until the worst of the storm was passed.

Hilda thought of ghosts as soon as she was under shelter, but, owing to the leaks in the roof, she had to move back until she was against the wall of what had once been the large front room of the house. There she cowered and trembled and shook and wept. If she was a heroine she didn't know it.

Ten—twenty—thirty minutes passed and then a ghost walked. Despite the noise of the downpour, Hilda heard that ghost plow its way through the tangled and sodden weeds before the door and enter. It shook itself like a wet dog. It muttered. The water from its soaked garments dripped on the floor. The girl had never divided the ghost family into wet and dry, but now she needed no outsider's assurance that she was in the presence of a wet ghost. She was speechless with terror until she heard the ghost softly moving in her direction to get away from the leaks. Then she suddenly screamed out:

"Are you a ghost?"

"No. Are you?" came the reply.

"Then who are you?"

"And who are you?"

"Oh, Walter, it must be you!"

It was not a ghost that reached out a cold, wet hand and found her in the darkness, and it was not in ghostly whispers that they began to talk. Walter had left the train at the depot three miles away to walk across the country to the home of the towheaded boy, where board had already been secured for him. He had blundered into this house.

It was an hour after his arrival before the storm passed away and left the road almost knee deep in mud and water. Hand in hand the couple set out. Sometimes they waded through puddles, and sometimes it was only slick mud. Sometimes they fell, and sometimes the mud about their feet held them upright until they could brace up for another struggle.

The hired man was heard hooting long before the flying ghosts reached the gate, and grim Aunt Judith was found there with a lantern. Of course she was worried half to death. As the bedraggled couple stood before her she held up the lantern and surveyed them.

"You went to carry old Mrs. Renfew a berry pie!" she finally said.

"Yes," was the demure reply from Hilda.

"And she threw a barrel of water over you and then rolled you in the mud!"

"No."

"And then this—this person happened along and she treated him in the same manner!"

"No, aunt. I got caught in the rain and took shelter in the old deserted house. He also got caught in the rain and did the same, and he has helped me home."

"And this—this person's name is?"

"Walter Allen, ma'am, and I was on my way to Farmer Brown's to become a summer boarder for a couple of weeks," answered the young man.

"To be near Hilda, of course! She left a letter lying around today that explains all. Well, sir, Farmer Brown is a respectable man, and he goes to bed at 9 o'clock, and here it is 10 hour and a half later. Come in, sir, and get out of those sopping clothes and get into bed, and you can go on after breakfast."

"And what about me, aunt?" plaintively asked the girl.

"I will see about your case in the morning, miss!"

But Aunt Judith was a bluffer. She waited two weeks, during which the young man was almost a boarder in her house, and then wrote to her brother-in-law in the city:

"You may be a good lawyer, John, and I may be an Argus-eyed old maid, but Cupid has beaten both of us, and we might as well make the best of it."

Armour's Generosity.

The employees of the late P. D. Armour always referred to him as "the old man." This was not so much the result of a habit among workmen of calling their employer "the old man" as an eccentricity of "the old man" himself. When he wanted to give aid anonymously he said, "That's from the old man." Many gifts went out of his pocket under the signature of "The Old Man."

A young girl went to the business office of the great packing concern one day to report the illness of a friend who worked as a stenographer in the office. Mr. Armour happened to stand near and overheard the girl's request for an advance in her friend's salary with which to pay the doctor's bill. Thrusting his thumb into his vest pocket—that pocket which seemed a mint of greenbacks—he handed the girl a roll of bills.

"Take that to your friend," he said, then adding to relieve the girl's astonishment, "Tell her the old man sent it."

Before the girl could thank him he was gone, but just as she left the building he again appeared and, finding her gone, hurried hatless into the street.

"Here, here! I forgot something," he called.

The girl turned back, and without a word Mr. Armour pressed something into her hand. She looked down. It was a twenty dollar bill.

Mr. Armour had decided that his gift was not sufficient and hastened to increase it.

The Laughter Cure.

It is all very well for a German doctor to prescribe hearty laughter as a remedy for nervous diseases, but perhaps he will also be good enough to tell us where we are to get the ingredients for his prescription.

One cannot well sit down and laugh "till the tears run down the cheeks" at nothing at all, however anxious to cure a severe attack of neuralgia.

When one comes to think of it, few things make one laugh to this extent, and what is one person's meat where hilarity is concerned may prove so poisonous to another as to plunge him to the very depths of depression.

There are people who will double up with merriment when they see some one else fall down a flight of steps, and afterward describe it as "the funniest thing they ever saw," but most nervous patients probably would not laugh at all if in order to effect a cure an attempt were made to excite their hilarity by throwing relatives and servants down stairs. Nerve specialists who adopt the laughter cure will have either to practice clowning or keep trained fools to set their patients "in a roar."—Lady's Pictorial.

A Little Vindictive.

"So you want the privilege of voting for people of whom you approve?"

"No," answered the suffragette, "I desire the satisfaction of publicly refusing to vote for people whom I don't like."—Washington Star.

Official Directory

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Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 368, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

CHARLES W. MASSEE, W. M.
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I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

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I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 227, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 247, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 2 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.

B. F. WEBSTER, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

I. O. O. F.—Broken Rive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.

CYRUS ASHLEY, Com.
HELLA EAGAN, R. S.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 2:30 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.

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MRS. MARY E. RICHARDSON, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. GOODRICH, Pres.
JESSIE UNDERWOOD, Secretary.

[illegible] No. 14, O. [illegible] S.—Meets [illegible] 2nd and 4th in Odd

A. S. HAVILL, W. N.
[illegible] COLLINGWOOD, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday at I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree Monday; Warrior's degree and Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

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Episcopal.—J. Heber [illegible] rector. Services every Sunday at [illegible] and 7:30 p. m. Additional service on first Sunday of each month at 12 m. [illegible] School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel, Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 9:30 a. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—A. F. Dugan pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 10 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. D. Ware, pastor Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

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THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

PURE METAL.

A Woman Who Proved Her Worth When the Test Came.

By RICHARD BAKER SHELTON.

[Copyright, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.]

The rain came down in sheets. The wet pavements glistened as if with a recent and thorough polishing. In the wide front window of the club Blake and Johnson burned good tobacco and listened, with a feeling of supreme content, to the beating of the rain against the panes.

"I'm sorry," said Johnson slowly, as if he had weighed the words with extreme care before uttering them.

"Sorry?" Blake repeated, with a surprised start. "Why, look here, I thought you'd be the first to congratulate me."

"I don't congratulate you," said Johnson flatly.

Blake's face suddenly hardened. "Why not?" he demanded in crisp tones.

Johnson studied thoughtfully for a moment the cigar he was twirling in his fingers. Then he smiled.

"It's all too obvious," said he.

"Don't speak in riddles," said Blake sharply.

"Well, then," the other went on, "if you want me to be plain I will be—brutally plain. I can't congratulate you, Tommy, because it's all so ghastly apparent that you've been played for a good thing. I haven't a doubt her mother is gloating over the match. Tommy, you're deserving of better things. You, with your good nature and your big heart, ought to marry a woman—a woman"—

He paused suddenly, evidently a bit surprised at his own temerity.

"Go on," said Tommy Blake coldly.

"Well, you ought to marry some one who would care for you for your own sterling qualities. Can't you see the length of your nose, boy? What show would you have had with her if you hadn't been the catch of the season? None, sonny; not a ghost of a chance. They've played you for a good thing, Tommy—a good thing. That's why my congratulations on your engagement to Ethel Carrington aren't forthcoming."

"You're mistaken," said Blake.

"Am I?" said Johnson quietly. "I wish to heaven I were!"

"You are," said Blake in the same tone. "You are. Why, confound it, man, I ought to give you an everlasting good thrashing for even hinting such a thing. The girl's my fiancee, and—and"—

"Thrash away if you like, Tommy," said Johnson calmly. "Only remember you asked me not to talk in riddles."

"You blamed old sarcastic beggar," said Blake, with some show of temper. "You—you hard old bachelor cynic, I suppose you'd swear now you don't be engaged to find an eye only for the money."

Johnson shook his head slowly. "No, I wouldn't, and you know it," he declared. "But the Carringtons, Tommy—well, I'm afraid I know them a bit better than you do."

Blake sat silently watching the stream of passersby on the gleaming sidewalks for a time, then suddenly threw away his half burned cigar and pushed back his chair.

"Good night," said he curtly and stalked stiffly out of the room.

There wasn't a word of truth in what Johnson had said, he told himself over and over again. Johnson was a woman hater anyway. He would have said the same of any woman. It wasn't Ethel Carrington in particular. Yet, despite all his mental arguments on the matter, Blake was vaguely disturbed in his mind as he called a cab and drove uptown to his apartments, for, more than he would admit to himself, Blake was prone to rely on Johnson's judgment. But Johnson was off in this case—surely, he was way off!

Ethel Carrington was the finest, the truest woman in all the world; and Johnson was a dyspeptic croaker. There the matter must end.

Two weeks later Blake again sat before the window in the club. Again it was a rainy day, and again the pavements gleamed in the wet mist. Blake was quite alone in the room. His face was drawn and haggard. Great rings showed around his eyes.

He turned as he heard a step behind him and saw Johnson coming toward him.

"You were right," said Blake. "O Lord, you were right."

Johnson very quietly drew a chair beside the distraught man and sat down.

"Maybe you'll feel a bit better if you tell me about it, Tommy," he said.

Blake smoked furiously for a moment. "When the crash came," he said at length, "I was almost glad at first. I told myself it would disprove all those things you had said. Of course I was intending to release the girl. I was in honor bound to do it. But I thought—I was fool enough to think she cared as much for me with my fortune wiped off the boards as she did before."

Johnson said nothing.

"It was yesterday morning that the news of the wiping out of all I had in the world was published," Blake went on. "At 10 o'clock I got a letter from Mrs. Carrington—a special delivery letter, mind you. She said that Ethel was too broken up to write personally, so under the circumstances—O Lord, you know well enough what it was with out my going into all the horrible details."

"This may prove a blessing in disguise, Tommy," said Johnson, but Blake, with drooping head, was shuffling out of the room.

* * * * * * *

Blake, moping in his apartment an hour later, was summoned to the office by a message that a lady was waiting for him. He went down to find Ethel Carrington, rather wet and very white, in the reception room.

"You!" he cried in dazed surprise. "You!"

"I—I couldn't be hedged in by conventions when I was so worried about you," she said hurriedly, "so I came straight here. What is wrong? Why have you stayed away for two days without sending me a word?"

Blake stared. Then a light of understanding came into his eyes.

"How much has your mother told you?" he asked.

"Nothing," she said, looking at him with widening eyes.

"Ethel," he said slowly, "I have committed the unpardonable sin—unpardonable in the eyes of the world today. I have lost every cent of my money."

"Is that all?" she said in relief.

Blake stared.

"Why didn't you come and tell me, then?" she demanded.

Silently Blake drew her mother's letter from his pocket and handed it to her. She read it through with deepening color and an angry light in her eyes. As she finished she turned to him, and at the look she flashed upon him his heart began to pound madly.

"What is left from the wreck?" she asked steadily.

"Nothing."

She tore the leter into bits and flung it from her. "My cab is waiting," she said, her face crimson, but her eyes bravely meeting his. "We'll drive down and get the license first and then to St. Luke's rectory. You'll need me more than ever now."

Blake would have demurred, but a look in her eyes stopped him.

In the cab he turned to her with a smile of complete triumph.

"After we come from the rectory I want to stop at the club for a moment," he said. "There's a certain old misanthrope there that's got the shock of his life coming."

SHE TORE THE LETTER INTO BITS AND FLUNG IT FROM HER.

Worked the Collector.

M. Chauchard, the great French picture collector, was always adding to his pictures, and the higher the price the more anxious he was to secure the painting. A dealer one day offered him the "Vache Blanche," by Tryon. M. Chauchard was told he could have it for £1,000.

"It must be an imitation," he said. "Take it away."

The dealer told some of his colleagues, and they promised to get him £8,000 for the same picture if he would split the difference with them.

"Go ahead," he replied.

A few days later a Russian prince visited M. Chauchard's galleries and remarked on leaving that he was delighted, but it was a pity the collection did not include an example of Tryon's work.

M. Chauchard, whose vanity was wounded by the remark, wrote to the dealer, "Bring me the 'Vache Blanche.'"

The reply was it was too late; it had been sold to a collector.

The millionaire connoisseur said he must have it at any price. He finished by securing it, but it cost him £10,000.—St. James Gazette.

Betrayed by His Disguise.

In one of the principal western cities the proprietor of a large jewelry store reported to the chief of police an extensive diamond robbery. He was asked by the chief if he suspected any one.

"Yes, sir," hesitatingly answered the merchant. "Although we have no proof. But a man whom I have known for twenty-five years was in the store a day or two before the robbery, looking around, and appearing to be ill at ease. He has since disappeared."

"What kind of looking man was he?"

"Dark complexioned, tall, with long curly hair and a heavy mustache."

"Well," said the chief after a moment's thought, "I hope to be able to give you some news of him soon."

Then he sent this telegram to the police authorities of several other cities:

"Arrest tall man with close cropped head and white upper lip. Diamond thief."

The next day he received this dispatch from a town in Missouri:

"Got diamond thief. Have recovered goods. Am holding him subject to your order."—Youth's Companion.

In a Restaurant.

"We put up luncheons to be taken out."

"I've eaten that kind of a meal on board ship."—New York Globe.

THE MOUND BUILDERS

Mystery of the Great Monuments Found In This Country.

RELICS OF A VANISHED RACE.

The Strangely Shaped Structures Are Thought to Be More Than Two Thousand Years Old—The Enigma of Those Who Reared Them.

Scattered through the middle west and in other parts of the United States are more than 10,000 monstrous, odd shaped "mounds." Some are built like forts, others in queer, sharp geometrical figures, others shaped like huge serpents, crocodiles, buffaloes, turtles, eagles, lizards, dragons with eggs in their mouths, etc. Some of these mounds are a mile long, some much smaller. In Newark, O., stands a continuous mound, constructed in a perfect circle, more than 5,000 feet in circumference. The mounds are often covered with trees that are many centuries in age. These strangely shaped structures are thought to be more than 2,000 years old.

Who built them?

Certainly not the North American Indians. The Indians have ever been a lazy, roving race, making their livelihood chiefly by hunting and fishing, seldom remaining long in one neighborhood and using tents or the rudest huts as their dwelling places.

The mysterious people who built the mounds were not a race of rovers. An infinitely long time must have been required for erecting each huge earth-shape. Nor were they ignorant savages, for the mounds show deep knowledge of geometry as well as of astronomy and of the principles of building. Carefully laid-out military fortifications abound. In the mound builders' country, indicating that the aborigines had martial lore and engineering skill and that they understood many modern principles of attack and defense.

There are also sepulchral mounds, some of them sixty feet high. These contain human bones, skulls, etc., as well as copper utensils and bits of pottery. The bones when exposed to air crumble at once to dust. As the bones of Europeans who died twenty centuries ago are often found intact and strong, many authorities believe the mound builders date back at least several centuries before the time of Julius Cæsar.

Cleverly made pottery and copper or bronze implements of war and peace are found all through the mounds. Ancient abandoned copper mines on the banks of Lake Superior show that the mound builders well understood the art of mining. The workmanship of the copper bracelets, bronze knives, etc., prove their skill at the forge.

In one of the prehistoric Lake Superior mines has been found a mass of copper weighing eight tons, resting on a high platform, ready for removal to the upper earth. This implies the use of well constructed mine machinery. Pictures that have been found etched upon copper and ivory portray much artistic skill.

From all this it seems that in some remote age the central part of North America was inhabited by a race of warlike, industrious, decidedly civilized beings who had splendid skill at building, at the arts of mining, engineering and higher mathematics and who flourished apparently during numerous centuries. Yet so long ago did the mound builders cease to exist that in all Indian folklore there is no mention, no memory, of them.

None know where the Indians themselves came from. Yet they apparently settled in America long after the mound builders had vanished. The skulls discovered in the mounds are not shaped in the least like skulls of Indians nor even of Europeans. Some archaeologists claim to find strong resemblance between the mound builders' skulls and those of the ancient Egyptians. If there were any connection between the two, who can explain how an Egyptian race changed to flourish in the middle west?

The fate of the mound builders is as mysterious as the strange people themselves. After reaching so high a civilization and thriving for so long a time it seems strange that they should have been completely destroyed. No satisfactory explanation has ever been offered. Perhaps the mound builders moved south and became merged with the Mexican Aztecs or Peruvians, or some savage race from the north may have swept down and utterly destroyed them, or a wholesale pestilence may have wiped out their nation.

The weird looking earthen monuments (the purpose of most of them a puzzle to the best archaeologists) are the sole remaining proof that this great lost American race ever existed.—New York World.

How He Managed.

A man in an up state county owns a number of horses and has a great reputation for skill in the treatment of them. One day a farmer who wanted some valuable information approached the horse owner's little boy and said:

"Look here, my little man, when one of your father's horses is ill what does he do?"

"Do you mean slightly ill or seriously ill?" asked the boy cautiously.

"Oh, seriously ill," said the farmer.

"Because," said the child, "if a horse is only slightly ill he gives it medicine, but if it is seriously ill he sells it."—New York Press.

Troubles must come to all men, but those who are always looking for them will have the largest share.

FATE—AND THEIR NAMES.

The Meeting Between Charles Barton and John Quill.

By CLARA A. CRADY.

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Charles Barton separated himself from the train with which he had been associated for the greater part of thirty-six hours and drew in a great breath of Lynnville's exhilarating air. Then he set out with long, swinging strides to mount the hill beyond which lay the village proper.

So much information he had deigned to accept from the loquacious station master, but to the latter's plainly expressed curiosity as to whom he sought in the village Barton had turned a deaf ear. He was aware of the fact that news acquired wings in small places, and it was part of his plan to take John Quill by surprise. Taking, as he was, advantage of an unexpected business trip east, to meet face to face his hitherto unseen correspondent, he had no doubt as to the success of his plan.

That John was only nineteen and an orphan Barton knew, but he had respected the younger man's reticence concerning himself to such an extent that he had never tried to force his confidence further. The ubiquitous

"HE WILL NOT BE BACK FOR SOME TIME," SHE INTERPOSED HURRIEDLY.

picture postcard was responsible for the correspondence, which had its beginning more than two years before, when Barton, in a spirit of fun, had answered a request in the "Postcard Exchange" of an illustrated weekly for views of his state.

The response had been prompt and was accompanied by so many ingenious questions that Barton, in order to do justice to his native state, had found it necessary to write a letter. It was strange how soon he came to watch for the weekly letter which became an established custom, but only he himself knew how far the simple faith, the unconscious hero worship that breathed in every line of John Quill's letters were responsible for Barton's escape from the many temptations that surround a young man alone in a western town.

He had reached the end of the village before his eyes found the little brown cottage, with its big honeysuckle on each side of the gate and its square porch overgrown with the same vine. Everything looked as John had once described it to be.

He knocked firmly on the front door of the cottage. It was quickly opened, and Barton found himself gazing into the prettiest face he had ever seen.

He asked, "Is this where John Quill lives? I'm Charles Barton," offering his card. She put out her hand somewhat hesitatingly, he thought, and the bit of pasteboard fluttered to their feet. With a muttered apology, he stooped to pick it up. When his eyes again sought the girl's face there was a confusion in it which the slight accident hardly warranted.

"I'd like to see your brother," he suggested politely.

He was not prepared for the sudden terror which flashed into her face, and, with a view to putting her at her ease, he continued smilingly: "You see, I'm taking the relationship for granted. The likeness to a picture of himself, which John once sent me, is too great to admit of a doubt."

The girl flushed and at the same time looked relieved. "Yes," she breathed softly, "I'm his sister. And I'm sorry, but, my—John is away at present."

Barton's face fell. "I, too, am sorry," he said simply and lingered.

The girl eyed him doubtfully. She seemed to be undecided, but finally asked slowly, "Will you come in?"

But he had seen the effort which the words cost her, so he prevaricated slightly.

"No, thanks. I have my train to make. When will your brother be back?" is a quick after thought. "I could step off again if"—

"He will not be back for some time," she interposed hurriedly. "Do not ask me where he is," appealingly, "for I cannot tell you."

A suspicion was dawning in Barton's mind. "Excuse me," he begged gently "Perhaps your brother is in some difficulty, some trouble, and I could help him."

"No, no; you cannot help him—I mean, he is in no trouble," she corrected herself hastily.

"There's something wrong there," he reflected as he retraced his steps toward the station. "Why didn't the boy tell me in his last letter that he was going away? Is it possible that the young cub has managed to disgrace himself and left his sweet little sister to bear the burden? But, oh! I'm sure he's not that kind. A few inquiries in the village might—but Charles Barton is no spy. I'll let the matter drop for a few days; then I'll try again to gain the shrinking confidence of John Quill's sister. And woe to those who are at the bottom of the trouble!"

But when, four days later, he mounted the hill that led to the village he was forced to confess that the interest which he felt in John Quill's sister far exceeded any he had ever entertained in respect to the youth. The girl's sweet face was ever before him.

As he entered the village he came face to face with the girl of his thoughts. She was coming out of a big house, and she carried a huge bundle—sewing, he rightly judged as he hastened to relieve her of it. The radiant blush with which she thanked him Barton took as a favorable sign.

"I've come back," he said eagerly.

"I'm—so—glad—I mean," as she detected the look that leaped into his eyes, "I'm glad of this chance to confess in person something that has been worrying me greatly. I was going to write"— She was interrupted by the postmistress, who, taking advantage of her position to gratify a very natural curiosity, came running out on her porch.

"Hey!" she shouted. "Here's a letter for you," frantically waving the missive in question. Barton stepped forward to take it, and in doing so his eyes inadvertently fell on the superscription. He read no farther than the name, but there was a question in his eyes when they met hers. She answered it bravely.

"Yes, it is mine. My name is Jonquil March. There never was a John Quill." She was walking faster, and her face was very red.

"Why did you do it?" he asked simply.

"Because my life here was so desperately lonely after mother, who was all I had, died. Oh, I don't suppose that you'll understand! But I've always longed for the great west, where I was born, but which I scarcely remember. At first it was a desire to know it better that made me drift into the correspondence, and I continued with it because I came to enjoy it for its own sake," she concluded with unconscious unction.

"But the photograph?" Barton groped.

"It was taken after some theatricals several years ago," she explained. "She," jerking back toward the postoffice, "never suspected, because I used to do newspaper corresponding under the name of John Quill." They were at her gate. "I do not expect your forgiveness," she faltered.

"Do you know why I came back?" he demanded.

"No," Jonquil's tongue faltered, but her eyes told a different story.

"Because I love you," he declared masterfully, "and because I want to marry you and take you with me, to the great west you love so well. Say that you love me, too, if only a little bit," he pleaded.

"But the trick," she temporized. "How can you forgive"—

"Bless the trick!" interrupted Barton joyously. "Why fight with it when it has been the means of bringing me a wife?"

Cause of Misery.

Here is an observation from Carlyle: "All misery is faculty misdirected strength; that has not yet found its way." This is undoubtedly true. All suffering and failing can be traced back to one getting out of the true path. It may not sometimes be one's fault. Ignorance or environment may intervene and lead us astray. But all progress consists in one finding the true way of one's strength; to see that the faculty is rightly directed.

Finding this path is the end of knowledge and civilization. This means doing the right thing, physically, mentally, morally; obeying God's law—that's it; that is all there is to it. That is what keeps the strength and faculty intact, and makes life worth living. The perfect mortal is the one whose faculty is rightly directed and whose strength has found its way. It is that that makes the true, manly, useful, happy life; that makes the life last longer and keeps it sweet and wholesome while it lasts.—Ohio State Journal.

"Through Fire and Water."

A glance into the past is furnished by the words: "I would go through fire and water to serve you." The old trials by ordeal, once the custom in England, are here referred to, when the ordeals both by fire and water could be performed by deputy. Often this was the service of friendship, but just as often done for a certain sum. In the one ordeal the person passed through a place where red hot plowshares were set up at irregular intervals, the man or woman being blindfolded and barefooted. In the other the person, bound hand and foot, was thrown into the water; if he swam safely to dry land he was innocent. His death was proof of his guilt. The phrase, however, may have an indirect reference to the thought in Isaiah: "When thou passest through the water I will be with thee; when thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned."

An Apt Simile.

Some men have a career like a golf ball. They are helped out of one hole only to get into another.—Lippincott's Magazine.

THE STAGE IN JAPAN.

Origin of the Drama—Women's Arduous Preparations for Dress.

There is a legend in Japan that the theater had its origin in that country in the ninth century by reason of an earthquake which took place in the province of Yamato. A large crevice was formed by reason of the upheaval, from which emanated poisonous vapors which spread death and destruction all around. An awful scourge was the result until the priests conceived the idea of performing a symbolic dance of incantation on the grass covered hill outside the temple. As if by magic the death vapors vanished, and peace and happiness were restored to the country. The legend concludes that this is how Japanese acting originated. The Japanese word for theater, shibai-ya, is supposed to have come from its origin, shibai, meaning sod, and ya, a house.

In Japan when a Japanese lady intends to go to the theater she is called upon the day previous by a hairdresser to build up the artificial structure which is the pride of every Japanese highborn lady. This necessitates her spending the night in her state dress, reclining her head on a wooden block, called makura. A few hours before going to the theater she covers her lips with a thin layer of gold, as it takes several hours for this paint to change into the cherry color which lends charm to the artificial white complexion of the face.

As a rule, Japanese performances last from 9 a. m. to 9 p. m., although certain historical dramas which follow the life of the hero through all his vicissitudes to his death go on for several days.

In Japan, officially, the social position of the actors is that of the lowest class of society, but in reality they enjoy great consideration and are idolized by the general public.—Washington Post.

HUGO AS AN ARTIST.

The Great French Writer's Opinion of His Own Drawings.

When Victor Hugo's "Marion Delorme" was read before the troupe of the Porte-Saint-Martin theater, the actor Lafeuillere, then a young man, protested against the insignificant role assigned him, in which he would have only ten lines to recite. Hugo promptly reduced him to silence by thundering: "Ten lines of Victor Hugo are something not to be refused—for they endure." Hugo attached a similar exaggerated significance to everything he did and to every object that was in any way associated with him.

For instance, he considered his drawings, which were for the most part commonplace enough, of sufficient importance to make them the subject of a testamentary provision. In his will of Aug. 31, 1881, he wrote, "I give my drawings and everything which shall be drawn by me to the National Library of Paris, which will be one day the Library of the United States of Europe."

Hugo's drawings are said to have been produced more often than not in the following manner: If a blot of ink chanced to fall on his paper while he held his pen aloft in quest of a word or rhyme, he enlarged the spot ink sentimidedly and made additions to it instinctively under the influence of a species of subconscious direction until he had produced a sinister moonlight scene or a venerable tower dominating with its bristling ruins the shuddering waters of a river of legend." He elaborated with great care, however, during his irksome exile at Guernsey certain crude impressions he had transferred to his sketchbook during his journeys in the valley of the Rhine. Furthermore, being a great lover of children, he drew figures of the most extravagant sort for the amusement of the young people of his household.—Alvan F. Sanborn in Bookman.

Ending a Letter.

The simplicity of "Yours" as a letter ending would have astounded Jeremy Taylor, whose letters to John Evelyn often wind up with perfect triumphs of complexity in this respect. His best is, "Believe me that I am, in great heartiness and nearness of affection, dear sir, your obliged and most affectionate and endeared friend and servant," or "Your very affectionate friend and hearty servant." Even in his shortest perorations of the kind the "affectionate" and the "servant" are always the two indispensable words. Probably no man, woman or child would combine these two at the end of a letter today.—London Tatler.

A Division of Labor.

The following dialogue at the Bow county court deserves to be recorded:

Witness—One day I had some shrimps to sell, and I asked the plaintiff to help me. He said, "I can't push the barrow because my arm is bad, but if you like I'll come along with you and holler."

Counsel—Why was that?

Witness—Well, it's like this, sir. A man can often shout when he can't shove.—London News.

Unreasonable.

"Your baby cries a great deal at night. Can't you do anything for it?"

"Your dog barks a good deal. Can't you do anything to stop him?"

"Confound it, such unreasonable people as you haven't any right to live in a flat!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Result the Same.

"Gimme some of that prune pie."

"Son, you've had two kinds of pie already."

"Then another kind won't matter. There's only one kind of stomach ache."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

FAMOUS WAX ARTIST

Mme. Tussaud Had an Exciting and Dramatic Career.

IN THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

During That Era of Bloodshed She Modeled Some of the Heads That Fell by the Guillotine and Was For a Time In Prison Herself as a Suspect.

This is the story of Mme. Tussaud, who was born in Berne in 1760 and died in London in 1850, and who, during the stormy time of the French revolution, modeled in wax some of the heads that fell by the guillotine.

Marie Grosholtz was the daughter of an aid-de-camp of General Wurmser in the Seven Years' war. She was born after the death of her father.

Her mother was the sister of Dr. John Christopher Curtius of Berne. This Dr. Curtius had made many anatomical and other models in wax and had attracted the attention of the Prince de Conti. This nobleman urged Curtius to come to Paris and establish himself as a modeler in wax.

The Curtius studio became the rendezvous of the fashionable world, and in connection with this he had a museum of curiosities. Among his patrons were Voltaire, Jean Jacques Rousseau, Mesmer, Mirabeau, Diderot, Benjamin Franklin, Paul Jones and many other notable persons.

In his visits to his sister at Berne Dr. Curtius had taught his niece, Marie, many of the secrets of modeling in wax. She showed such ability in this that her uncle urged her mother to make a home with him in Paris and to allow him to adopt Marie as his daughter.

Marie began earnest study with Dr. Curtius, and she was so skillful in the modeling of wax flowers that this art became a craze. Even the royal personages in the palace took it up, and Marie spent some time giving lessons to Mme. Elizabeth, the young sister of Louis XVI.

When the revolution broke out Dr. Curtius took the side of the people and sent for Marie to come from the palace. It was rather singular that two of his wax models should have played a foremost part in the opening scenes of that awful period. In his collection of models was a bust of the minister, Necker, father of Mme. de Stael, and one of Philippe, duke of Orleans. Two days before the storming of the Bastille a mob took these two busts from his museum to the Palais Royal, draped them in black crape to show their sympathy and started to parade the streets with these.

As the procession filed across the Place Vendome a troop of dragoons and one of the regiments charged. A sword stroke cut the bust of Necker in halves, and the man who was carrying it was hit by a musket ball in the leg and received the thrust of a sword in his breast.

The bust of the Duke of Orleans escaped injury, but in the fight to defend it several persons were killed. The soldiers made desperate efforts to demolish it.

At the taking of the Bastille Dr. Curtius was active and for his services to France was rewarded by the national assembly. A badge of honor was presented to him, and this was inscribed with the famous date and a memorial of his bravery and patriotism. His house was a favorite place of meeting with the leaders of the revolution, so Marie had an opportunity to see them all.

There was only one time when Marie was in any danger during this desperate period. She was "suspected" and sent to prison. Here at the same time was Mme. de Beauharnais, who had barely escaped the guillotine and who was later the Josephine of Napoleon Bonaparte. Her uncle was able to get Marie's release from prison, and she came out in time to see the downfall of Robespierre, Danton and Desmoulins.

In the days of their power she had been called to model the heads of many who fell by the guillotine. She was obliged to take them just after the fall of the fatal knife. She did this awful work with the heads of poor Marie Antoinette and of the Princess Lamballe, the queen's friend. When the leaders suffered by the guillotine in their turn she modeled their heads.

After the revolution her uncle died, and in 1795 she married M. Tussaud. She could not overcome the shock of her experiences during the revolution, and she persuaded her husband to take her and the valuable collections of wax models left her by Dr. Curtius over to England.

They established this collection in the Strand. The collection was taken all about the country, and in 1833 it was brought back to London and made a permanent exhibition. Her sons conducted the business, and she took an active share in this till she was eighty years of age.—Boston Globe.

Naming Their Children.

It was a musical man who gave his four daughters the following names: Do-re, Mi-fa, So-la, Ti-do. The first escaped with the nickname Dora, the second answered Miffy, the third owned up to Solly, while the youngest generally got Tiddy.

The case of the musical man is matched by that of the provincial printer who named his children from the type fonts he used—Ruby, Pearl, Diamond. The first two are no uncommon names for girls, only Ruby happened to be a boy. He followed in his father's footsteps and afterward became a printer's manager in London.—London Chronicle.

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When you see these crisp, gigantic grains, you'll not wonder that people like them.

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Grains with every starch granule exploded, so the digestive juices act instantly.

Foods that are good—and good for you. Foods that the children like.

You are missing more than you know while you cling to foods not nearly so enticing as these.

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The whole wheat or rice kernels are put into sealed guns. Then the guns are revolved for sixty minutes in a heat of 550 degrees.

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Then the guns are unsealed, and the steam explodes. Instantly every starch granule is blasted into a myriad particles.

The kernels of grain are expanded eight times. Yet the coats are unbroken, the shapes are unaltered. We have simply the magnified grain.

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(2)

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Always Picking.

An amusing story is told of the answer given by a London waif to a Salvation Army captain. The zealous officer had asked the boy what work he did to provide him with food, etc., and the reply was, "I pick strawberries in the summer, I pick hops in the autumn, I pick pockets in the winter, and exhum for the rest of the year."

Stumped.

"Why, Puss, you people here don't know anything about fruit. Out in Oregon we raise apples as big as your head."

"Do you raise peaches as big as I am, Uncle Phil?"

"Why—er—ah!"—Chicago Tribune.

Progress Impeded.

First Member—Mrs. De Streak didn't have her way at the dress reform meeting this afternoon, did she? Second Member—No; her gown fitted her so tightly that she couldn't make a motion.—Puck.

Egotistical.

Blobbs—What an egotistical fellow Talkalot is! When you are with him he expects you to be all ears. Slobbs—Yes; and you find him to be all "I's."—Philadelphia Record.

Judgment.

Never judge a town by the size of the type with which its name is printed on the map of a railroad that doesn't pass through it.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Assist yourself and heaven will assist you.—Latin Proverb.

An Explanation.

"How in blazes did the compositor happen to head my foreign travel letter with the words 'Foreign Drivel?'"

"I don't know. Perhaps he read it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Sponges are great germ collectors. They should be scalded out thoroughly every little while.

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